The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1928 NUMBER 703

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The Week

THE Senate's investigation of campaign expenditures has revealed nothing scandalous, and it is hardly surprising that this should be so. With the memory still fresh of the recent scandalous developments in connection with the Republican war chest, and the Smith and Vare cases, the candidate who would permit recklessly large expenses would have to be a very foolish man. Mr. Hoover's $300,000 or so looks big to a citizen whose cash balance at the bank is $14.57, but in view of the number of states where he was entered in the primaries, it was not conspicuously out of line with the budgets of the other candidates. The chief fact of interest about the investigation to date has been the rather hostile tone of some of the questions directed at Mr. Hoover by the Senators, and the obvious indignation with which he replied. Did his irritation do him harm with the country? Our guess is that it did not. Public sympathy is always with a witness rather than with his interrogators; and what looks to the man in the street like the righteous wrath of an honest person accused of underhanded practices is usually welcomed.

MUCH loose thinking is done on the question of proper and improper expenditures by a candidate. The spending of a large sum of money is not a fact which can be considered alone; much depends upon the number of people who are to be reached in the course of the campaign, and the way in which the money is expended, whether legitimately in the attempt to persuade the voters, or illegitimately in an attempt to buy them. Obviously, there ought to be a limit somewhere to the amount which can be spent per voter, even along legitimate lines; but as yet, this question has hardly been considered. Cases have been decided on an *ad hoc* basis, with much depending on the source of the campaign contributions. Legislation limiting the *per capita* allotment would not in itself, of course, solve the problem. Honest campaign managers would be bound by it, dishonest ones would evade it and perhaps win by so doing. No law can prevent such practices as those of Will Hays when he sought to conceal Harry Sinclair's gift by making it seem to come from several dummy contributors.

ANOTHER step was taken last week by Mussolini in the drastic alterations he has steadily been making in the character of the Italian government. The Senate approved the new electoral law, as it was certain to do, and the measure now goes to the Chamber of Deputies, whose approval is equally certain. The Senate, which is now appointed by the government, continues practically unchanged, the most important element in the law being the change in the basis of representation in the Chamber. This is no longer geographical but occupational. A majority of the candidates are to be proposed by the thirteen confederations of employers and employees, and will represent their occupations: agriculture, industry, commerce, sea and aerial navigation, internal transportation, banking and the professions. The lists provided by the confederations will comprise 800 names. These will be reduced to 350 by the Fascist Grand

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Council, which will then add fifty more of its own, representing "the moral, spiritual and political elements" of the country. This ticket will be confirmed at the polls by the voters, who have no choice whatever, opposition being forbidden. Voters will include married men with children, aged eighteen to twenty-one, and those above that age who pay 100 lire in taxes annually, or own government bonds to the value of 500 lire, plus civil servants and the clergy.

IN FORM, this scheme has in it striking syndicalist elements; but it is syndicalist in form only. The occupational representatives will be chosen primarily, not because they are well qualified to speak for their various trades and professions, but because they are good Fascists. If anyone should get on the list who does not possess that characteristic, he is certain to be removed by the Fascist Grand Council. The individual voter, of course, has no power whatever; Mussolini takes the trouble to have an election presumably only because it gives a useful opportunity for Fascist propaganda. He does not believe in democracy, and has said so repeatedly. Nevertheless, it is an interesting and significant fact that even the shell of a syndicalist social order should be set up. If Mussolini were to die, and the Fascist order were to crumble, the syndicalist state might survive and be infused with a genuine democratic spirit. That would be an experiment worth watching.

IN THE course of his three recent lectures at Princeton on our relations with Latin America, former Secretary Hughes defended the policy of the United States, undertaken fully since 1923 and to some extent since 1907, of not recognizing any Central American government which comes into power by a *coup d'état*. He admitted in general that "the *de facto* ability of a government to hold the reins of administrative power, and proof of its position to fulfill all international obligations, has been accepted for more than a century by the United States as basis for the recognition of foreign governments unless these governments repudiated their foreign obligations." But he supports the Central American treaty of 1923, which we did not sign but by which we have since held ourselves to be bound, as follows:

> It may be said that the treaty itself was a mistake and that the United States should have dissuaded the Central American Republics from making such a treaty. Such a suggestion hardly deserves consideration, as it would frankly place the United States on the side of bloodshed and disorder as opposed to an effort, even if difficult and at times unsuccessful, to promote stability. . . . We hope that the day will soon come when constitutional processes of government will be secure in Central America, and one way to try to make them secure is to recognize the provisions of their own treaties. This does not involve, and should not be a pretext for, an interference in their internal affairs, but a recognition of the international obligations which they have assumed toward each other.

THOSE who criticize our present policy would point out to Mr. Hughes that not all the bloodshed and disorder come with successful revolutions. A dictator in control of a country may also shed blood, as those who are familiar with Venezuela's recent history know. A people crushed beneath the heel of an autocrat, and goaded beyond endurance, may rebel even when their rebellion is foredoomed to failure. Our present policy would cause us to support such a dictator, if he got into power by a pretence of orderly means, or if he had been in power before 1923, no matter how unfit to rule he might be. The argument that the policy of declining to recognize revolutionary governments does not involve us in the internal affairs of a country, is not in accordance with the historical facts. In Nicaragua, for example, it has caused us to interfere as completely as possible in those internal affairs. It has done the same thing in other countries. No Central American government can long survive without our approval, nowadays; and therefore any new government which receives our backing is guaranteed by us to its own citizens as being legitimate. The involvement grows worse as time goes on, and the advantages from our own point of view seem to be virtually nil.

NO more wholesome victory for civil liberties has been won since the War than the unanimous decision of the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey reversing the conviction of Roger N. Baldwin and eight textile strikers for taking part in a meeting in the City Hall Plaza of Passaic. Following the frequent custom of officials sympathetic with employers in labor troubles, the police had refused to allow the strikers to hold a meeting in a hall hired for the purpose. In protest, a large crowd of strikers marched to the City Hall, where one of those subsequently arrested started to address them. The Chief of Police proceeded to read the riot act, and his men cleared the plaza and arrested those who they thought were the strike leaders. Mr. Baldwin has for months been facing the probability of spending six months in jail as a consequence. The highest court in the state now says that the apparent purpose of the meeting was not unlawful. It goes on, "It was essential in order to constitute an offense of unlawful assembly that the meeting be held and conducted in such a manner as to reasonably create in the minds of firm and courageous persons a well founded fear of threatened danger to the public peace. We find an utter absence of any such proof." Mr. Baldwin has performed a service of great value and much personal risk by submitting himself to such a test of constitutional rights for labor.

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RADICALS in the labor movement who insist that union-management coöperation, which they call "class collaboration," and labor banking and insurance, which they call "trade-union capitalism" are the sign and product of weakness in the unions, should ponder on the biennial convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, which has just met in Cincinnati. This union is admittedly one of the strongest in the country. Though existing in a highly competitive and often depressed industry, it has been able, as its Executive Board reported to the convention, to strengthen and extend its hold, and to limit the competition of the non-union sections of the trade which it has not yet succeeded in organizing. Yet this same report is by no means chiefly occupied with stories of conflict and class antagonism. On the contrary, it relates how the union has coöperated with manufacturers to improve and cheapen production, to introduce new lines, even to save them from bankruptcy by extensions of credit. It shows how it has bent every nerve to understand and deal with the industry on whose prosperity the welfare of its members depends. It tells of the growth of its two banks, of its unemployment insurance, now successfully operating in Chicago and soon to be extended to other centers, of its active and intelligent research department, of its splendid coöperative housing achievement in New York, and of other similar activities. A strategy which knows how to fight strenuously when fighting is necessary, but also knows how to build when fighting is not necessary, has obviously contributed immensely to the power of this labor organization. In fact, a weak union, less intelligently led, could not have carried out the constructive policies which the Communists call a sign of flabbiness.

IT IS tempting to point out, by way of contrast, the difficulties of a sister organization, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which has just met in Boston. In this union the "left-wing" revolt was able to achieve more power, being in control of the administration for a time; the union is still torn by dissension; and it has been slipping backward from the position it once held. Yet it would be unjust to attribute its trouble solely to the insurgency of the Communists; intricate political conflicts, which we have not the space to elaborate upon, afford no such simple explanation. Doubtless the industry, too, has experienced shifts and depressions more difficult to control than those which have occurred in the manufacture of men's clothing. Nevertheless it remains true that the dogmatic Communist insistence on unalloyed "militancy" and class warfare has contributed nothing to an already bad situation, but has rather prevented any improvement. The price of survival and power for a union in the existing world is an informed and pragmatic attitude toward concrete industrial problems.

JAMES H. MAURER, recently nominated for Vice-President on the Socialist ticket, and for sixteen years President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, recently delivered a farewell address to that body which constituted an uncommonly instructive survey of the whole field of labor policy. Some of his most pungent remarks show that labor is taking cognizance of the problem of unemployment resulting from improved efficiency. After stating that he believes in the encouragement by unions of better methods of production, he goes on to say, "Labor must soon realize that unless the political, social and industrial leaders of the country change their policies it will be suicide for the worker to continue to coöperate with the experts in making industry more efficient. *Labor must share fully in the practical and concrete benefits of these improvements in productivity or the present system cannot continue.*" Mr. Maurer advocates larger wages, shorter hours, and the adoption of state unemployment-insurance to tide over the periods of adjustment.

An American View of the War Debts

MR. J. M. KEYNES' article on the war debts, printed on another page of this number, was not addressed originally to Americans, but was written as a popular talk for the British public. This, no doubt, accounts for its cursory treatment of the issues involved. It will be of interest to our readers for its financial calculations, and also as an illustration of a point of view so prevalent abroad, and held even by such British liberals as Mr. Keynes. Nevertheless, we cannot let it pass without noting a vigorous dissent. The British, if informed only by such statements as this, will be totally incapable of understanding the American view of the matter, which can hardly be changed by this type of argument. Difference will harden into disagreement, and no progress in adjusting a troublesome issue will be made.

Mr. Keynes assumes that the Allies had a common cause in the War which the United States accepted, somewhat tardily, of course, but shouldering her full share in the obligations to which it gave rise, as if she had been a partner from 1914. He assumes that the Allies (including the United States) pooled all their resources in this common cause—men, munitions, supplies and money—and that it was just a convenience that the advances of money were called loans instead of contributions. And he reasons that, since the extension of loans was an important part of the share of the United States in the War, it is unjust for her to exact repayment, especially when she will, by doing so, take from the Allies virtually all the reparations they will probably be able to exact from Germany.

It is, nevertheless, an historical fact that the

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United States spent almost three years after the outbreak of the War attempting to avoid being involved in a conflict from whose origins she was totally separated and for whose purposes—published or concealed—she had not the slightest responsibility. During a good part of this period she was engaged in a struggle with Great Britain herself in an effort to preserve neutral rights at sea. Germany's submarine warfare furnished the final pressure which made it seem necessary to enter the War on one side or the other. But before doing so, the American President did his best to call forth a binding and concrete statement of the war aims of each party, since it had not been at all certain for what positive objects either the Central Powers or the Allies had been fighting, and Wilson did not desire to throw the strength of this nation behind an unclear or secret purpose. Such statements of war aims were eventually forthcoming, but were far from frank or inclusive. As a matter of fact, the Allies never had a wholly common cause, except to visit an overwhelming defeat upon Germany. And as a matter of fact, the United States never became one of the Allies, but entered the War for a declared set of objects, rather sharply at variance with those subsequently discovered, through the publication of the secret treaties, to have been the Allies'.

It cannot be said that these differences are of no importance, having been resolved in a mutually satisfactory agreement at Versailles. Nor can it be said that the victors pooled the spoils, as they are supposed to have pooled their efforts in the War. All the Allies received enormous accessions of territory, some of it immediately valuable, and much of it potentially of value. Great Britain achieved the destruction of the German fleet and the weakening of the German merchant marine. The United States had declared that she wanted no material spoils—and she received none. What she did want was a permanent pacification of the world, a rearrangement of sovereignties which would in itself tend to be stable, general disarmament, an end to the system of alliances, and "freedom of the seas." In return for these things she would be willing to abandon her isolation by entering an association of nations to help Europe keep the peace. It would be futile to contend that any appreciable measure of all this has been achieved. The fact that Wilson himself may have been partly responsible for the failure to effectuate his aims in the treaty, and that in spite of that failure he advised his countrymen to enter the League, does not modify the conviction of the average American that this country, unlike the Allies, got nothing either of tangible or intangible value out of her participation in the War.

The "common cause," in the general American mind, is simply non-existent—except in the sense of coöperation for victory while the War was on. There are, it is true, Americans who swallowed the war propaganda whole, and believed (or at least asserted) that we were defending our own hearthstones and our national existence against German aggression. Persons with this turn of mind might logically accept the type of moral argument on the war debts set forth by Mr. Keynes, but it is an ironical fact that those in this country who were most unreasoning in their support of the War are now most adamant against revision of the Allied debts. It is a type of jingo inconsistency with which Mr. Keynes is no doubt familiar in his own country.

How, then, about the pooling of resources? Surely, to suppose that this was done without distinction or qualification is to think of an imaginary, not the real War. Even the armies in the field were not subjected to a unified command until the very end. And were supplies and munitions really regarded as interchangeable with soldiers? Did Japan contribute freely the goods which she sent to the Allies, or was she paid for them? Was not Canada paid for her material contributions? And Australia? Did not the United States pay over $4,000,000,000 in cash for what she bought in France and Great Britain for her army? Then why is there any lack of moral obligation on Great Britain, France, and Italy to pay for the supplies and munitions they bought in the United States? The fact that they had to borrow from us the money with which to pay for part of these supplies seems to have no bearing on the issue.

Surely there was no understanding in this country that the sums loaned to Great Britain and the other Allies during the War were really gifts, called loans for convenience. Perhaps Congress would have voted them as subsidies, if it had been understood that the taxpayers would be obliged to stand the loss. Perhaps the citizens were deeply enough concerned in the War to be willing to make this contribution. We do not know. But we do know that no such suggestion was made. In 1917 the French government expressly repudiated the idea that it would receive any help as a gift, and in 1919 the French High Commissioner in this country denied, by instruction, the public statements that France proposed to pool the war debts. After this, France borrowed an additional $670,000,000 from the United States. Furthermore, it is a well known fact—alluded to in passing by Mr. Keynes—that large parts of the sums advanced were used for other purposes than prosecution of the War; not merely for sustaining the British exchange, but also for expenses of many kinds after the War was over.

The American reluctance to acknowledge any formal connection between payment of German reparations and payment of the Allied debts has a sound basis in the foregoing view of the situation. As pointed out in a recent issue by Ernest Minor Patterson, the United States is not associated with the collection of reparations, and there has been in this country, ever since the treaty, a considerable doubt as to the wisdom and justice of the total decided upon. If the total of reparations is unjustly

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large, that has no moral bearing upon the obligation of the Allies to pay us what they owe. Or if it is just, though too large to be paid, that likewise has no bearing on the moral issue of the debts. When the debts were incurred, the Allies expected to profit sufficiently from the War so that repayment would be easy. The unfortunate consequence of the miscarriage of these calculations is to be attributed to a mistaken war policy rather than to a present lack of generosity on the part of the United States.

To put forward on moral grounds, therefore, the desirability of revising debt payments downward, is to render a disservice both to the immediate object in view and to good international policy. It transfers the discussion to a realm where agreement cannot be reached. It obscures in a sentimental fog the historical realities of the conflict. And the result, if the argument were to prevail, would be to rob the United States of its last possibility of bargaining for the achievement of its principal war aim—the laying of a foundation for a more enduring peace. For if the Allied debts to us were not really owed, we could not exchange the cancellation of any part of them for a more lenient treatment of the vanquished in the matter of reparations or anything else.

To establish a moral order in the world is in large part to learn to appreciate the consequences of one's actions. The Central Powers have already amply discovered the unprofitableness of war. The Allies, though they have gained much territory and other spoils, are by way of learning that the cost of a modern war, bitterly pursued to the end for other than defensive purposes, cannot be recovered from the vanquished. Should it be asserted that, in so far as they fail to recover this cost, it may justly be assessed against another nation from whom part of the cost was borrowed? The United States, in turn, is likely to learn that it is impossible, or impolitic, to collect in full large sums loaned to other nations for war purposes. Is it wise to rob this fact of meaning by an unwarranted admission that the sums were in reality not loaned at all?

The New Republic, as our readers know, has consistently maintained both that the total of reparations is too large, and that the war debt settlements with the Allies will have to be revised. As a practical matter, and as a necessity of negotiations, these issues will doubtless have to be considered together. But the necessity for revision, and for a joining of the two questions, will arise from economic circumstances, and from considerations of policy applying to the future. It is unwise in the extreme for any nation to attempt to collect from another large amounts, extending over many years, when the obligation to pay such amounts does not arise from productive use of human resources. Tribute exacted for defeat in war tends to throw out of balance the economic integration of the world; and no less a disturbance is likely to arise from insistence on full repayment of loans advanced for destructive purposes. If Mr. Keynes and his associates, who are so well qualified to urge considerations of this character, would confine themselves to doing so, instead of veiling the controversy in dubious moral attitudes, they would make much more progress toward the end they seek.

The War in China

THE more we learn about the recent clash between Chinese and Japanese in Shantung, the worse it looks. The engagement at Tsinan-fu can only be described as a battle, despite the fact that there had been no declaration of war. Heavy firing continued for days; the losses on the Japanese side included about sixty killed and the usual proportion of wounded. Nobody knows how many Chinese were killed, but the number was probably several thousand. In some aspects, the incident resembles the famous Nanking affair. Blame for the final overt acts is again placed on soldiers of the Chinese Nationalist army. It is not clear whether in the beginning they acted as individuals, or were spurred on by their officers; but they began the firing, and the Japanese ended it, by pouring in upon them a rain of lead which, according to one report, cost at least a thousand Chinese lives in a few minutes' fighting.

The Japanese, it should be noted, are present in Shantung on exactly the same excuse on which the United States has so often landed its Marines in Nicaragua and other Latin-American countries—to protect the lives and property of her nationals. After the Washington Conference, Japan relinquished all claim on the peninsula, which she had taken over from the Germans as soon as she entered the World War. She now pretends to no rights there which are not possessed to an equal degree by all the other great powers, except that China was to make payments to her in connection with the railroad, and is in arrears on these. While she has sent her troops far inland, and directly into the path of the oncoming Nationalist army, it has been for the alleged reason that she must protect her citizens. The other foreign powers had collected nearly all of their nationals in the seaports; but Japan argued that her citizens were too numerous to make this possible, and sent in her soldiers instead. The result has been the tragic one which was to have been foreseen.

There is one important difference, however, between the position of Japan and that of the other foreign powers in Shantung; in the eyes of the Chinese themselves, she is suspected of sending troops for an ulterior purpose. The Chinese know that there has long been a close friendship between the Japanese and Chang Tso-lin, overlord of the Peking government, who is now apparently on the point of being overthrown by the Southern army.

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Chang began his career as the ruler of Manchuria, a territory in which Japan regards herself as having special interests of the most important sort. He still exerts a nominal control of the region, and has always been a protégé of the Japanese. The Chinese Nationalists look upon his Peking government as being more or less a tool of the foreigners, and particularly of the Japanese. They believe that Japan has been hostile to their own ambitions to unify all China under the banner of the Nanking government, and the hasty sending of Japanese troops into Shantung at a time when the Nationalists were marching to Peking seemed to them a hostile military move. Japan would not be foolish enough to come openly to Chang's aid; but she might hinder the campaign against him, under the guise of protecting her own nationals, precisely as the United States, on the same pretext, hindered the campaign of the Nicaraguan Liberals. The affair at Tsinan-fu, however, has produced the strongest possible anti-Japanese feeling, not only among the Nationalists, but in territory controlled by Chang. He dare not take their side; indeed, his star seems to be waning rapidly, and another week or two may find his political and military importance virtually at an end.

The Nationalists are seeking the intervention of both the League of Nations and the United States between the Japanese and themselves. Our government is willing to mediate, but only if asked to do so by both sides, and nothing is less likely at present than any such request from Japan. The League of Nations is hesitating, we are told, because the Nationalist regime is not recognized at Geneva. The League still clings to the legal fiction that there is but one government in China, that at Peking, though that government is today crumbling, and the greater part of the country is in the hands of Nanking. However, even this argument is not valid under Article 11 of the League Covenant, which says that "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case any such emergency should arise, the Secretary-General shall, on the request of any Member of the League, forthwith summon a meeting of the Council. It is also declared to be the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever, affecting international relations, which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

Surely language could not be broader or more explicitly appropriate to the present situation than that. What has happened and is happening in China is precisely the sort of thing that is likely to lead to war at any moment, not merely between Japan and the Nationalist government, but between Japan and the whole of China, unified by the aggression of a foreign power. We can imagine no better and more valid test of the strength and usefulness of the League than its willingness to intervene in this situation and its ability to carry the intervention through to a successful conclusion.

The Voter and the Radio

IT IS generally believed that the radio played an important part in the campaign of 1924. Just what effect it had, no one can be sure; but many persons have seen a connection between the overwhelming vote for Mr. Coolidge and the fact that the Republicans practically controlled the radio in that year. Because of larger financial resources, and for other reasons, their orators were heard on the air at least three or four times as much as those of the Democrats, and probably eight or ten times as much as the supporters of La Follette. Inevitably, therefore, the question of the use of radio in the forthcoming campaign is an important one. What are we likely to see this year? In order to understand the situation, it is necessary to review some of the facts about the present development of broadcasting.

Radio itself has grown during the intervening four years, at almost as rapid a rate as during the preceding four, which were the first in its history. The number of receiving sets in the United States is now estimated all the way from about six million up to eight or nine, according to the optimism of the estimator. The potential audience is probably twenty millions, and perhaps more. (The customary estimate of the number of persons in an average family is about four and one-half, but there is reason to believe that this is now too high.) The linking up of many stations for simultaneous broadcasting of the same program, in 1924 still rather a rarity, is now a regular daily and hourly matter, the number habitually ranging up to 25 or 30, and sometimes reaching 70 or more. The technique of broadcasting has much improved, and reception on the average set is far better than it was. The introduction of electrically-operated receivers has curtailed the number which are out of commission because the batteries have run down and Brother Joe has forgotten to replace them.

Politicians are not quite so unsophisticated in regard to radio as they were four years ago. The Democrats have a well grounded suspicion that the broadcasting of their Donnybrook Fair in Madison Square Garden may have done them more harm than good. The conventions will doubtless be broadcast, because neither party would dare to admit that it feared to let the country overhear its deliberations. But such broadcasting will not constitute an important item on the campaign program, which will consist for the most part of speeches specially

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made before the microphone in the studio, by candidates and others. A technical difficulty about convention broadcasting, which has grown up since 1924, is that nearly all stations have now sold much of their time on the air to advertisers, whose contracts call for the use of the station facilities at stated periods each day or each week.

There is reason to believe that the radio audience is today somewhat more sophisticated than in 1924. Not many listeners any more are willing to hear any sort of speaker on any subject merely because of the novelty of having a voice come through the ether; the chances are that most people will listen only to some famous national figure. The "millions of listeners" of whom the program managers boast may boil down in actuality to a very small handful indeed, especially if some other station is at the same moment offering attractive music. Listening to speeches on the radio is at best rather wearisome. Fifteen minutes on the air is the equivalent of at least an hour in a hall; and, as has often been pointed out, its psychology is utterly different. The mob emotion which clouds our intellectual processes at a public meeting is largely lacking. To be successful, a radio speaker must rely more on intellectual processes and less on the art of the orator.

Quite apart from their superior campaign chest in 1924, the Republicans in that year enjoyed a tremendous advantage in the use of the radio. Most stations were owned then, as they are now, by public-utility corporations or other large, conservative business corporations, whose managers believe that their interests are bound up with the conservative wing of the Republican party. The federal radio law of 1926 provides that when any candidate is given time on the air from any station, an equal opportunity must be afforded his opponent; but it is the simplest matter in the world to evade this law. It does not cover, for example, speeches on behalf of a candidate; nor surreptitious political propaganda slipped into an address on some other theme; nor the broadcasting as "news" of dinners given by political organizations. It would be expecting too much of human nature to suppose that the owners of radio stations will be impartial as between the party with which they are affiliated, and its opponent.

If the candidates of the two parties are Hoover and Smith, this condition will be reëmphasized. The radio industry remembers that, not so long ago, Mr. Hoover was its boss, and remembers also that if Congress should fail to renew the life of the Radio Commission (as it very nearly did a few weeks ago) he would again come into control. It is no reflection on Mr. Hoover—perhaps on the whole it is a compliment to him—to point out that he has an "inside track" with most of the broadcasters, irrespective of their nominal party affiliation.

This advantage, incidentally, will accrue to him in connection with another new mechanical aid to campaigning. This year, for the first time in history, talking motion pictures will be used to present candidates to the public. Their advantages are numerous and obvious, and particularly so for a man like Mr. Hoover, who does not make a very good impression when he appears on the platform, but can be stage-managed and rehearsed into an effective figure on the screen. The difficulty, of course, is to get the pictures into the motion picture theaters once they are made. But the theaters are also owned by men of large wealth, whose conservatism is like that of the broadcasters; and if an ocasional one should prove recalcitrant, Elder Will Hays ought to be able to make himself useful.

The position of advantage which the Republicans will undoubtedly enjoy in the fields of radio and motion pictures merely repeats the advantage they have long enjoyed with the press. Most of the great daily newspapers in the Northern states—the only ones where political discussion can conceivably change the results—are pledged to the support of the Republican party. Even those which are nominally Democratic, if they are financially successful, are generally conservative; they have in recent years idolized Mr. Coolidge, and worshiped Mr. Mellon's taxation program, as loyally as any party organ of the G. O. P. This situation is so familiar that it no longer attracts much attention. Its extension, however, to other and newer media for the dissemination of information might well cause us to stop and consider the significance of what is happening. How can a true democracy exist when the channels of discussion are, in general, closed to one set of ideas and open to another? As this condition grows more complete, which it is now doing, what is to prevent a nullification of any genuine popular choice, as complete as exists in Italy or Russia? Heretofore America has assumed, in contradistinction to some other countries, that the press, the radio and the movies are all legitimate subjects of private enterprise, in which utter *laissez-faire* is desirable. Conditions which are now developing may make it necessary for us to revise that assumption.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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A London View of the War Debts[1]

FOR the moment there is a lull in the acrid controversy which now for nine years has waged round the question of the war debts. But it has not been put to rest for long, and the time for its revival will undoubtedly come when the Dawes scheme is up for revision—as, sooner or later, and sooner, better than late, it must be. It is opportune, therefore, to take stock of the situation as the negotiations of several years have left it.

Let us remember the origin of these debts. Soon after the beginning of the War it was clear that certain of England's Allies—Russia and Belgium in the first instance, but subsequently all of them—would require financial assistance. She might have given this in loans or in subsidies. Loans were preferred to subsidies, in order to preserve a greater sense of responsibility and economy in the spending of them. But though financial assistance took the form of loans, it is scarcely to be supposed that the lending countries regarded them at the time as being in the nature of ordinary investments. Indeed, it would have been very illogical to do so, for we often gave assistance in the form of money, precisely because we were less able to assist with men or ships. For example, when England sent guns to Italy to help her, after her first serious reverse, she had to pay for them by loans. But when matters got worse still, and we sent not only guns but gunners too, to man them and to be killed, then we charged nothing. Yet, in the former case, Italy's contribution was the greater, and in the latter, ours. In particular, America's contribution was, for some time after she came into the War, mainly financial, because she was not yet ready to help in any other way. So long as America was sending materials and munitions to be used by Allied soldiers, she charged us for them, and these charges are the origin of what we now owe her. But when later on she sent men too, to use the munitions themselves, then we were charged nothing. Evidently there is not much logic in a system which causes us to owe money to America, not because she was able to help us so much, but because at first she was able to help us, so far at least as man power was concerned, so little.

This does not mean that the financial help which America gave to Great Britain was not of the most extraordinary value to her. By the time that America came into the War, our own resources as a lender were literally at an end. We were still at that time just about able to finance ourselves, but we had reached a point when we could no longer finance our Allies as well. America's financial assistance was therefore quite invaluable. From the moment she entered the War, she undertook to lend whatever was required for the expenditure of ourselves and our Allies, in the United States, including some contribution to support the foreign exchanges. But she was not prepared to make loans for use outside America. Great Britain had, therefore, to go on making loans to her Allies for such expenditure—with the result that we had to lend our Allies, after America came into the War, an amount almost equal to what we ourselves borrowed. More precisely, we borrowed from the United States, after she came into the War, $4,250,000,000, and lent to our Allies during the same period $3,750,000,000; so that in effect it was true—what America has always been concerned to deny—that the loans she made to us were for the purpose of financing our Allies rather than for ourselves.

The result was that by the end of the War we were owed by our Allies about $8,000,000,000, while we in our turn owed to the United States $4,250,000,000.

Since the War, the question has been constantly debated whether these sums ought to be treated as investments, like any other business transactions, or whether regard should be paid to their origin and to the circumstances in which they were made. It has been the British view that they were not made as business transactions, and should not be treated as such. The American view, on the other hand, has been that they should be taken at their face value, that is to say, as bonds due and payable, tempered only by considerations as to the capacity of the debtor to pay, and, in practice, by a willingness on the part of the United States to accept a low rate of interest.

During the Peace Conference, the British government urged that the Allied war debts should be entirely cancelled. Mr. Lloyd George raised the matter again with President Wilson in August, 1920. Finally, in August, 1922, in the famous note written by Lord Balfour, the considered British view, from which we have never gone back, was set forth. In this note, the British government declared their willingness to cancel the whole of what their Allies owed them, and also to forego their own claims on Germany in favor of their Allies, if the United States, in turn, would relieve them of their debt. By such an arrangement, Great Britain would have been giving up on paper more than twice what she gained. The offer still holds good.

This policy was not accepted by the United States, and a separate settlement has been made between each pair of countries in turn. The settlement made with Great Britain is equivalent to charging a rate of interest of 3.3 percent on the whole amount due. The American settlement with

[1] An editorial comment on Mr. Keynes' article appears on page 3, under the title, "An American View of the War Debts."

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France is equivalent to repayment at 1.6 percent interest, and that with Italy to repayment at 0.4 percent interest. Thus, the American settlement with Great Britain is twice as onerous as that with France, and eight times as onerous as that with Italy. Great Britain, in her turn, has made arrangements with France and Italy, and has in both cases let them off lighter even than has the United States—the British settlement with France being 10 percent easier, and that with Italy 33 percent easier than the corresponding American settlements. Thus, while the other Allies have been largely relieved, England is left with the task of repaying her whole burden, subject only to the mitigation that the rate of interest charged, namely, 3.3 percent, is moderate.

The effect of this settlement is that Great Britain will have to pay to the United States a sum of about $165,000,000 annually up to 1933, rising to nearly $190,000,000 annually thereafter from that year until 1984, when the debt will have been discharged. The reality of the weight of this burden may be illustrated by certain calculations which I made in the summer of 1923 when the details of Mr. Baldwin's settlement with Washington were first made public. We shall be paying to the United States each year for sixty years a sum equivalent to two-thirds of the cost of our navy, a sum nearly equal to our state expenditure on education, a sum which exceeds the total burden of our pre-war debt. Looked at from another standpoint, it represents more than the total normal profits of our coal mines and our mercantile marine added together. With these sums we could endow and splendidly house *every month* for sixty years one new university, one new hospital, one institute of research, etc., etc. With an equal sacrifice over an equal period, we could abolish slums and re-house in comfort the half of our population now inadequately sheltered.

On the other hand, we are now receiving from our Allies and from Germany an important contribution as an offset to what we ourselves pay to the United States. It will be interesting to establish a rough balance-sheet.

In 1928 we shall receive from our Allies $64,000,000 and pay the United States $166,000,000; and by 1933 these figures will have risen to $88,500,000 and $189,000,000. Thus, apart from our share of German reparations, we shall be paying annually in respect of war debts about $100,000,000 more than we receive. Now, if the Dawes annuities are paid by Germany in full, we shall come out just about "all square." For the normal Dawes annuity, when it has reached its full figure (less the service of German loans, etc.), will amount to $585,000,000, of which Great Britain's share (excluding the receipts of other parts of the Empire) will be about $110,000,000. Mr. Churchill has estimated that in the current financial year 1928-29 our payments out will be $164,000,000, and our total receipts nearly $160,000,000.

It is not probable that these receipts will be realized in full. But it will enable us to summarize the situation, if we assume for the moment that they are so realized. In this case, each Ally would be able to pay the United States out of its receipts from Germany. When the Allied debt payments to the United States will have reached their maximum amount under the existing settlements, they will total $415,000,000 per annum (the *average* amount payable annually over the whole period works out at a total of $305,000,000). If we add to this the direct American share in German reparations, the United States will be receiving $390,000,000 annually out of the $585,000,000 receivable by the Allies from Germany, or 67 percent, plus $50,000,000 from Italy not covered by reparations; or, if we take the average payments, in lieu of the maximum, the United States will be receiving $330,000,000 out of $585,000,000, or 57 percent. In either case, Great Britain would receive, on balance, nothing.

It follows from the above that, if the maximum Dawes annuities were to be reduced by one-third—which, in the opinion of many of us, is highly probable—the United States will, by the time that the Allied payments to her have reached their full figure, be the sole beneficiary. In this event, the net result of all the war-debt settlements would be to leave the United States—on balance, and off-setting receipts against payments—receiving from Germany $390,000,000 per annum, and no one else getting anything.

I have put the calculation in this form because it renders it very clear why, in the minds of the Allies, the question of further relief to Germany is intimately bound up with the question of their own obligations to the United States. The official American attitude that there is no connection between the two is a very hollow pretence. The resettlement of the Dawes scheme is one to which the United States must be, in one way or another, a party. But—let me add—any concession she may make will go entirely to the relief of Germany and the European Allies, Great Britain adhering to her principle of receiving nothing on balance.

If all, or nearly all, of what Germany pays for reparations has to be used, not to repair the damage done, but to repay the United States for the financial part which she played in the common struggle, many will feel that this is not an outcome tolerable to the sentiments of mankind or in reasonable accord with the spoken professions of Americans when they entered the War or afterwards. Yet it is a delicate matter, however keenly the public may feel, for any Englishman in authority to take the initiative in saying such things in an official way.

Obviously, Great Britain must pay what she has covenanted to pay, and any proposal, if there is to be one, must come from the United States. It fell to my lot during the War to be the official drafts-

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man in the British Treasury of all the financial agreements with the Allies and with the United States out of which this situation has arisen. I was intimately familiar, day by day, with the reasons and motives which governed the character of the financial arrangements which were made. In the light of the memories of those days, I continue to hope that in due course, and in her own time, America will tell us that she has not spoken her last word.

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

New Bedford Goes on Strike

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand workers in the cotton mills of New Bedford have fought since April 16 in one of the most important American strikes since the War. They are the old guard of skilled workers in cotton mills, and this strike is their last trench.

The city which Herman Melville described in "Moby Dick" is a quaint place for a major skirmish in the class struggle. It reeks of history and adventure. Settled in 1652, it became for a time the greatest whaling center in the world. Melville says he saw in New Bedford "actual cannibals stand chattering at street corners, savages outright; many of whom yet carry on their bones unholy flesh."

Now pickets are walking in those streets, heavy-shouldered men embarrassed by the stares of the curious, Portuguese women with occasional babes in arms, and children. The children have been mobilized by the left-wing Textile Mills Committee, and they sing as they march by the mill gate:

> When you're up, you're up.
> When you're down, you're down.
> When you're up against the UNION
> You're upside down.

While the pickets march, most of the strikers stand around curiously watching this strange manifestation of spirit. The great majority of the workers are not of the demonstrating kind. They are much too dignified and austere for that. Having worked in New Bedford all their lives and become established citizens, they have decided to fold their arms in protest against a 10 percent wage cut. They want to run their strike in the New Bedford manner, and the manner is quite distinctive.

New Bedford is not Passaic. In Passaic a radical minority, led by outsiders, created a mass movement which came close to being a mob movement. They had against them the police, the politicians, the newspapers, and the great majority of the middle class. In New Bedford almost the entire city is on the side of the strikers. Clergymen, judges, politicians and merchants unite in condemning the wage cut. Every daily newspaper in the city, and there are three of them, has come out openly against the manufacturers' policy. The New Bedford strike is the strike of a community against a little handful of determined men who dominate its leading industry. These mill owners, without consulting the organized workers, and overriding a minority of their own number, flatly announced on April 9 a 10 percent wage cut to be effective in their twenty-seven companies on April 16. The response of the community was instantaneous and almost unanimous. The workers walked out to the last man and the mills were closed.

Poverty is the one thing that can defeat the New Bedford strike, and poverty is no inconsiderable foe to men who get a little more than nineteen dollars a week when they are working. They are not paupers and their city is not a slum; in fact, it is clean and picturesque, compared to most mill cities. But there are ugly spots of poverty already showing.

Over in the Portuguese section, for example, we met Mrs. Albino. She has had a husband and fifteen children, four of them dead and two of them married. The nine remaining ascend like the steps to St. Peter's and the poorhouse. Mr. Albino gets thirteen dollars a week as a speeder tender. Manuel, the oldest boy, who is the only one getting an income, occasionally works for much less. The rest of the children, except the babies, go to school. Mrs. Albino speaks Portuguese; her children speak English. They speak it all at once in four rooms, second floor back, $3.50 a week, toilet in the hall, first door to the right, never more than three in a bed, no bathroom, everything clean as a ship's kitchen. The Albinos not only live on less than twenty dollars a week, but hanging by the door on a nail is the life-insurance envelope.

"I pay nickel week—everybody," Mrs. Albino manages to explain. "Me no need candy—no candy me."

Poverty pinches the New Bedford strikers sharply, because the city is not an isolated mill town with cheap, company-owned houses. The Technical Advisory Corporation of New York, which made a preliminary survey of the city in 1923 for the local government, said: "In few cities of the United States do the necessaries of life cost so much as in New Bedford." Moreover, the strike makes almost the whole city poor because the community has only one great industry.

Ostensibly the manufacturers were forced to cut wages by severe competition. They will get much sympathy from a public which hears that they are

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paying more than $19 a week to their workers for the forty-eight-hour week while Southern cotton mills are paying from $12 to $13 for a much longer week. The sympathy will be quite misplaced, because the New Bedford manufacturers have almost no competition in the South. New Bedford makes fine goods and the South makes coarse goods. The coarse-goods manufacturers of New England have some reason to complain of Southern competition, especially the Fall River manufacturers, who have been almost ruined by that competition. But in the entire South there are only 12,000 fine-goods looms in the cotton mills, and they are so negligible a factor in an industry of 153,000 looms that they do not appreciably affect the market.

New Bedford's real competition comes from other New England fine-goods mills and from Lancashire, but in neither case does the competition supply a convincing reason for lower wages in New Bedford. The high tariff on imported cotton goods amply protects the New Bedford manufacturers from Manchester price-cutting. With the exception of a few fine-goods mills in Fall River, there is no reason to believe that New Bedford manufacturing costs are any higher than the costs of similar New England mills. The union leaders in this strike contend that New Bedford has an actual advantage in production costs, because it pays slightly lower wages than other fine-goods centers in New England. The manufacturers refuse to make public any figures concerning comparative production costs and wage scales to dispute the claim.

While coarse-goods mills in New England have been going into bankruptcy, the fine-goods mills of New Bedford have made substantial profits through the worst years of depression. Last year their average dividends fell below 4 percent, but the financial condition of most of the mills was sound. Judged by their net surplus of quick assets, they are better off than they were in 1918. One New Bedford mill, dominated by Andrew G. Pierce, head of the American Woolen Company, who has been especially active in forcing the cut, has declared dividends of 32 percent for five consecutive years. In the five years before that, the dividends averaged 43 percent. The Pierce family owns another New Bedford mill which is said to be even more profitable, but its dividends are never made public.

William M. Butler, friend of the President, and chief executive of three mills in this strike, also refuses to make all the dividends of his mills public. It is known, however, that one of the Butler corporations, the New Bedford Cotton Mills, whose dividends on common stock are kept secret, declared a 200 percent stock dividend in 1922, and that this freely watered common stock is still selling on the market above the company's preferred stock, which has earned 6 percent steadily for ten years. Also, it is known that the common stock of the two other Butler mills in New Bedford has averaged 29 percent and 8.3 percent respectively for the last ten years. And these profits are not altogether exceptional. Sanford and Kelley, stock brokers of New Bedford, announce that: "The average dividend rate on the capital stock of New Bedford cotton mills for ten years from 1918 to 1927 inclusive was 11.27 percent per annum."

On the labor side the lines are tightening, and the leaders are settling down to face a long struggle. They are determined to make this an exception in the long series of defeated strikes—Lawrence, Paterson, Charlotte, Utica, Passaic—that have made the story of textile unionism in this country a tragedy. They are fighting in an unorganized industry which has, at the most, 40,000 union members among a million workers. Their fight is led by the old independent union, the American Federation of Textile Operatives, which has maintained powerful locals for many years in Fall River and New Bedford.

At the core of their organization are the skilled Lancashire craftsmen, who have brought their powerful accent, their soccer football and their class consciousness into the life of New Bedford. (New Bedford is now leading the American Soccer League.)

"I went into the mills of Manchester when I was just a lad," said one of them, "and my mother gave me a union card. I've carried it ever since, and I'll carry it to my grave. Those Portagee workers and a lot of the chaps on the picket line don't know what a union means. We couldn't get them to pay dues to the union after the strike is over unless we used guns."

Before the strike, only about 6,000 of the 27,000 workers were paying dues to the union; the other 21,000 drifted. Some efforts were made to organize the unorganized, but it was a difficult task to hold them without a strike to arouse their loyalty or a closed-shop agreement to bind them. The union has never had the closed shop in New Bedford mills, or any system of check-off for the payment of union dues, or even formal collective bargaining. The manufacturers have ignored the union completely whenever they dared. In these circumstances, it was a major feat of labor leadership to persuade 6,000 poorly paid workers to pay dues to an unrecognized union for several years during a serious depression.

After the strike began, the leaders of the local union recognized the weakness of their isolated position, and voted to affiliate with the United Textile Workers. The vote, which was ratified on May 7, is the most important step toward labor unity in the textile industry for many years. The United Textile Workers is not a powerful union, but it is the recognized branch of the American Federation of Labor in the textile industry. The independent American Federation of Textile Oper-

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atives, which began the strike, is composed of the sort of responsible, skilled workers whom the United Textile Workers need most. Now that the two have come together under the banner of the American Federation of Labor, the strikers' chances of success have considerably improved. Although the old, independent union still has a separate organization in Fall River, it is probable that the affiliation of the main group in New Bedford will ultimately bring Fall River also into the ranks of the United Textile Workers and present a common labor front in the two textile cities. Whatever the new alignment lacks in militancy and enthusiasm will probably be cancelled by this fact: the chance of establishing collective bargaining in American cotton mills through any other agency than the United Textile Workers is remote. The strongly entrenched, open-shop employers who have successfully defied the labor movement for two generations will not deal with any organization farther to the left than the American Federation of Labor. It is suicidal for the textile workers to play anything less than their trump card.

This practical aspect of a strike settlement is belittled by the Communists who have invaded New Bedford and are functioning through their Textile Mills Committee. These militants of the left wing are staging daily demonstrations of children, pickets, mass meetings and soup kitchens. Working chiefly among the foreign workers, they have succeeded in organizing into temporary, non-dues-paying "committees" perhaps 2,000 workers. They are chiefly Portuguese, who feel a craft and race barrier between themselves and the British and French skilled workers.

The Communists are dramatizing the strike and making its spirit more militant through mass picketing. They are giving the old union some needed lessons in the technique of demonstrations. Also, they are concentrating attention upon the unskilled workers outside the unions who have been somewhat neglected. But their usefulness is more than nullified by the reckless and bitter attacks which they have launched upon the union leaders and the Citizens' Relief Committee, which was organized, with the help of the union, to guarantee the honest distribution of supplies during the strike. They are flooding the foreign sections with copies of the communist Daily Worker, which describes the strike and its leaders with an insight and accuracy equal to that of Mr. Fred Marvin.

On the picket line, policemen smile at the singing children. There are rumors that even the police are contributing to the strike-relief fund, as the firemen have already done openly. The newspapers unite in demanding that the manufacturers should meet the union at once and discuss the wage cut which they arbitrarily imposed. The preachers assure the strikers that every man has a moral right to a living wage. New Bedford, the aristocrat of American mill cities, is fighting in its own way for the one thing which can preserve its aristocracy, the wage scale of its superior craftsmen.

PAUL BLANSHARD.

Our Censors

The Re-Discovery of America: XIII

SUPPOSE we went to a meeting at which a vital matter was to be discussed. If the chairman silenced a gang of ignorant, malevolent, alien fellows in order to give the floor to the expert, we should not find his act "censorious"; we should justify it as a necessary means for achieving consciousness on a vital question. Suppose, again, we accepted the premises and ideals of Socrates in "The Republic." Although he bars the lying poets—the artists who "in servile imitation of the unreal flux" woo man from "truth," we should not call this censorship, for the same reason that forbiddance of perjury in a court, of forgery in a bank, of lies in a journal, is not censorship to him who accepts the ideals of these institutions. But suppose we felt that the alien fellow at the meeting alone had the heart of the matter: suppose we disagreed with Socrates about truth and art: the word censor that came clamoring to our lips would be colored with implications of tyranny and injustice.

This implication was not felt by Plato, who called his guardians of truth and justice censors, by More, who set up censorship in Utopia, by the Catholic princes, who have always looked on censors as needful for the soul's salvation. What was there in common between all these men who deemed censorship a good, and different from us who deem it an evil? Clearly, the change is in the attitude toward Truth. If truth is considered absolute and already perfectly possessed, falsehood also is an absolute and a censorship which is a "previous restraint" of falsehood is proper. This is one ideal; but we do not profess it. Since Milton and Spinoza, modern men have claimed that truth is a flower of individual conscience, that it is not dogmatically fixed, that it is a process of life, and that all shades of opinion, of trial, even of error, are needed to approach it. With such a standard, censorship even of possible and probable falsehood is a menace. But unfortunately the men who rebelled against the absolute of Rome set up disguised absolutes of their own

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making. And our fathers who warred against the absolutes of the feudal monarch merely shifted loyalty to absolutes in property and state. It is this confusion between ideal and fact which justifies the American discussion of the censor. With one breath we call for "free speech," with the next we hail the sovereignty of People or of Law—and do not suspect the contradiction. Any sovereignty is an absolute. And if any force or truth is absolute, censorship in its name is an ideal act—even as it was ideal in the name of the Truth of Plato, of the God of Rome, of the King of France. The feeling behind Milton's assault on censors was that the old Order was dying, so that a "previous restraint" on the basis of that Order was a bar to the birth of a new order. This feeling is not sustained by a people who set up Demos in place of a Pope and a constitution in place of the Bible. To accept an authority and cry out against a censorship which enforces it is to be muddle-headed. The crux of the matter is not censorship at all, but the ideal behind it.

Our American Republic is ruled, like Plato's, by philosopher-kings of a sort. The trouble is, that some of us deny their quality of kingship: the trouble is, deeper, that we repugn their values: the trouble is, most deep of all, that whereas those values and that kingship are real to the rulers and to them who follow, we who rebel have not, beyond the vaguest romantic aspirations, shaped ideals of our own to combat theirs, not organized at all our connection with this American Republic in order to oust the present "insider." We are the "alien fellows." No sentimental call for freedom, no nonsense about oppression which from the inside appears to be control—only subtle infiltration and conversion will ever alter our inferior place.

Of course, as I use the word, censorship in America is manifold and vast. That part of it which takes the form of a deliberate ban on political or sexual candor is a mere minor symptom. Censorship in America *is* rulership: and it is censorship, in the unfavorable meaning, because that element in American life which is not merely Power, which *is* life inasmuch as it upholds the principle of growth and consciousness, has lost connection with the ideals that sway and with the inherited forms that by inertia shape us.

We might study the whole matter in one archetypical instance: the American Constitution. It is a hybrid creature: many of its sources—Locke, Hobbes, Hume, Harrington, Shaftesbury, Montesquieu, etc.—delete or confuse each other. At the time of its drafting, it was a decadent organ, for it rendered rigid the timidities of English Tories, instead of bringing to life the profound projects of the early American fathers. It was closer to Nathaniel Ward who went back to England to die, [1] than to men like Roger Williams who made a veritable marriage in our country of government and spirit. As Walter Lippmann suggests in his "Preface to Politics," the true father of the Constitution was Sir Isaac Newton: not the religious Newton who believed that man was a creative soul, but the physicist who deduced the music of the stars to formulæ of check and balance. The Constitution was a *machine* working in a realm where the intelligent followers of Newton and Descartes might have known that it did not belong. It was a machine for governing men, devised by men who were muddled with contradictory religions. They had an abstract faith in laws, a concrete distrust of man, and a concrete faith in their own class. They designed the instrument in self-sufficient balance so as to relieve individual man (mistrusted and acclaimed) of the onus, while endowing him with the air, of government. The result was a triumph of mechanolatry, a compromise of the creed whose patrists were Bacon, Descartes, Newton, with the Hebrew doctrine of authoritative Scripture. The country which yielded to it was a sprawling frontier of commerce, agriculture, pioneering; a cacophony of voices. Lacking a conscious principle of union, it rested within this mold that defended the dissonance of Sections by putting the burden of harmony on its own artificial tightness.

The inventors of this machine were practical men of genius; its acceptance by eighteenth-century America was an act of mystical good fortune which all the cavillings of critics cannot confute. I am not attacking it for what it was, nor for what it *legally is*. Our attitude concerns me. It is clear that the conditions and values which the Constitution was designed to fulfill have changed: that the Americas which adapted it have died: that the ideals and facts of those Americas are gone. This is no place to analyze the Constitution. But its discrepancy from our world is so enormous that no expert scrutiny is required to reveal it. Consider the tenet (the words are by Adams): "property is as sacred as the laws of God." Consider the defense of minorities on the principle (as Madison put it) that a majority in "an extended sphere" is not likely to "have a common motive to invade the rights of other citizens"—consider it in the light of how the press, business, telegraph, radio, etc., have bound our majority together. Compare the fundamental constitutional will to erect a central force against what were at the time dominant, singular states, with the flatulent reality of the modern states which the resistless urge of industry and commerce has brought all together and is making all alike. . . . It is not too much to say that every assumption about the world of God, of matter, of man, and of America, which filled the conclaves of the fathers, is as dead as their breath. Nor was it worshiped, when it was new. Professor Parrington sums it up, when he says: "We are too prone to forget the wide popular disfavor with which the new Constitution was received." Yet to this anti-

[1] See the chapter on Ward in Professor Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought."

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quated *makeshift,* constructed by shrewd but spiritually callous men, we Americans must swear allegiance! In order to do so, we must be careful not to understand it. And in order to guard our ignorance, we have erected systems of subsidiary censors, to bar our minds and emotions from any contact with the Constitution which would bring it into touch with life at the cost of sanctity. It is vigorously lied about in our schools, glossed with adjectival sugar in our churches. It is occultly protected by nine pontifical judges—high priests without a god—in whom is solely vested the ticklish business of so interpreting it, that thought about it *by Americans* (but not legislation under it *by Money*) may be wholly estopped. As a censor we have made this instrument so perfect that the notion of government as a creative, evolving exercise of thinking groups has almost died from the land.

The reason for this is not the drab document itself, but some need in us. The case is one for the political pathologist. The clue for the diagnosis is in John Marshall, whose career became a passionate resistance to the levelling, agrarian, physiocratic notions captained by his fellow Virginian, Thomas Jefferson. America's fact was a crazy-quilt of sections; America's growth was a scattering to the Pacific; America's mystical ideal made her folk prey to all the democratic and individualist fads of Europe. But America's *need,* because of all these, was centrality in leadership of power and a rigid Code. Justice Marshall stood for the need, even as his foe stood for the tendencies, the facts, the dreams. Such conflict brings neurosis. Marshall fixed on the Constitution to defend America against herself. He made it an autonomous Scripture, he turned his Court into a theocratic—if godless—overlordship. When, less than a generation after his death, the Republic split, here was a continuity, a tradition, a surety to save us. After the Civil War, the trauma of that titanic discord stayed within us: our compensatory love for the Constitution grew the more exacting, since we did not know the cause. This love is truly our neurotic fear of the chaos and disharmonies within us. As such, it is real enough. But it should no longer blind us to the fact that the continuity of the Constitution is external; and that its tradition is a fall from that of the religious America—both older and younger—of Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, John Wise. . . .

This rigorous devotion does not mean that the Constitution acts rigorously on us. "The only truly severe code," says John Dewey, "is the one which foregoes codification, throwing responsibility for judging each case upon the agents concerned, imposing upon them the burden of discovery and adaptation." This old machine serves merely to separate our national values from national reality. It censors the ideal impulse in American life from moving into political behavior. But it is too rigid, too obsolete to have effect on the blind forces that really govern us. To these, it leaves the field. Good Americans neither read nor sense it. But the merely shrewd and acquisitive can easily exploit it.

I call this mechanical instrument a censor because it exerts a power external to the growing life (as I see it) of its realm of action, and because it bars creative action from its presumptive field. This is the modern meaning of censorship that we have come to. *A force that restrains in rhythm with organic growth is a control; a force that restrains against that rhythm is a censor.* Since life in every domain from science to religion has moved outside the spirit of the Constitution, it is not theory to class it as a censor.

It is clear, similarly, that our traditional education is a censor: our education, which Mr. Dewey characterized by calling "an impatient, premature mechanization . . . after the fixed patterns of adult habits." All the cults of Power which we have studied are censors: this is a manifest corollary of their nature. Business, for instance, censors the creative loyalties of its disciples from seeking worthier forms. The old religious dogmas censor the regenerative impulse of the mystical self to create new religious forms from the experience of life. The ideals of efficiency and success, externally fixed, censor the normal process of self-knowledge and of art. The obvious ban on sex details in print is a comparatively harmless, because ineffectual, censorship; it is open, at least, and calls attention to what it forbids. If a book is suppressed, there is a chance that the potential reader will know the thing it was suppressed for. But almost no one is in a position to suspect that our advertisements censor the truth about the value of goods; that our news censors the truth about all world-events; that our sport-writers censor sportsmanship; that our reviewers of books and theater censor all valid standards and perspectives about literary art; that our colleges censor research by putting a premium on immediate results; that our Constitution censors the ideal of creative governing; that our elementary education and our churches censor life itself.

Having established the universality of censors in a reign of Power, we should be silly to inveigh against them as if they were independent, somehow godlike tyrants possessed of their own being. They have but the force of our own acquiescence—and of our *need.* Even as we found that the core of our mechanical Jungle was an ideal state within us, we must know that the essence of American censorship is merely the absence of an American ethos. We have seen how and why the American is once more a beginning. We stand between two worlds, one of which cast us off so that it is no longer ours; the other of which is yet unborn so that it, too, although within us, is outside our control. Therefore, from relics of now external values we pieced together rules necessarily external, to direct and protect us. If such rules are censors *from the standpoint of our potential growth,* they were, none the

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less, necessary functions of a people not yet able to live by its own spirit. The Yankee, for example, turned his old Calvinist values into a censor to restrict consciousness which would have impeded the crude American business of pioneering. We, all, had to evoke the regulations of our cultural pasts to bind us, since our actual life did not create within us synthetic inner values to do that binding for us.

The means of order we took from a world that was dying: but our need was to order a world unborn within us, which must, like any embryon, be organized ere it can be born. The old order, fitted to the old, could not organically fit the new. The result was not order at all, but regimentation. Within, widened the gap between habit that belonged to the past, and impulse that yearned toward the new. Until there came social war in young America, and the torpor, the suffocation, the disillusion now upon us. Social war will come again, unless we understand the meaning of our censors. *Censorship is the one way of ordering a world that does not create its own organic order.* But organic order rises from the work of creators of concepts, of values, of art. These are the organic understanders. These, whatever they are in our America, lost beneath the blare of "practical men," are the sole practical men we have. From the experience of their experience, America may achieve an ethos which, in its turn (as Aristotle said) can alone give us laws and institutions that are not censors, since they will express our inward nature. Without an ethos, we should burn one set of censors merely to let in another. Which is to say that the current liberal palaver about "free speech! free press! free theaters!" is sterile. An America grown conscious of its nature and living to fulfill it will drop its censors, as a man made whole discards his crutch.

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Our Leaders," will appear in our issue of June 6.)

Babies: First Cost and Upkeep

IN READING the local daily some evenings ago, I came across a new definition—new to me, that is. "An optimist is a man who, on a salary of eighteen dollars a week, marries a woman that loves children." I certainly was glad to know that someone had sufficient charity to call such a man an optimist. Had the naming been given to me, the phrase would have been different and uglier.

I make a larger salary than the one quoted; and my wife loves children too. Yet I am far from optimistic about the financial situation my family faces. We have been married almost four years, I have an office job and steady pay and we are buying a small house in the country. There is a two-year-old in our home and another baby is coming. Other millions of homes will be visited this year by little strangers coming to stay, too many of whom will arrive in homes like our own, in which the joy of the thought of parenthood is somewhat shadowed by worry over money. To the millions of American citizens whose incomes average even below mine, the arrival of a baby must be nothing less than a financial catastrophe.

Concerning any other thing needed in our life and home, whether entertainment, furniture, an automobile, china, labor-saving devices or what not, if the first cost or down payment is too high, similar but less expensive goods may be purchased. A good bargain in used goods may often be found, or purchases deferred to a more convenient time. I may use my own judgment as to whether to buy a new or a used car, a four or a six, closed or open, whether to get furniture from Smith's or at Jones and Company, over across town. It is for me to choose concerning the new radio set at Electric Joe's or the one the Thompsons down the street are selling on account of moving to Texas.

But when it comes to a doctor's fee and hospital charges, there is a minimum below which self-respecting people cannot fall. The rich may pay more, but the poor cannot pay less. Most of us do not go to clearance sales in babies and find a lovely one at half-price. About the only way to side-step the high first cost of babies is to adopt one or find it on the doorstep. And even then, there's the upkeep.

It would seem that with two and one-half years between arrivals, as will be the case with us, a couple starting in on twenty-five dollars a week and now making, say, thirty-five, could have saved up the couple of hundred dollars that it takes to finance properly an infant's arrival. But we have been able to save only about one-fourth of it, and altogether too soon the time will be here. The down payment on our three-thousand-dollar bungalow and lot took our savings a year ago, and the monthly instalment, with that on the furniture, leaves us broke, after paying living expenses. Were we foolish to buy a home? Nearly every newspaper and magazine advises us that it is wise economy to do so, and all the great men of the country, apparently, recommend it.

We do not think we were extravagant. Three thousand dollars for a house and a lot, fifty by a hundred and fifty, seems reasonable in view of our income. Our furniture is good, but not expensive, and so are the few labor-saving devices we possess. Everywhere in America, except in the big cities, an

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automobile is a necessity, not a luxury, nowadays. The light open car we bought second-hand, almost four years ago, has served us exceedingly well. All the repainting and top repair, and much of the mechanical repair, has been done in the home garage or back yard. The garage floor has seen many a wrestle with casing and rim that the last possible mile of travel might be had. I carry $3,000 of life insurance, on a twenty-payment life plan, also house and furniture insurance. The taxes out where we live in the suburbs are low, only twenty dollars a year. Charity and church contributions are held down to three dollars a month, and entertainment (including movies) to much less. I belong to the least expensive fraternal order in town, and otherwise our social expenses are almost nil. We buy the simplest things at the grocery. Clothing is made to do its best and then some. Yet the salary check vanishes, whether by budget system or otherwise. After wasting seventy-five cents on a budget book, our money is now spent by the otherwise system. We duly appreciate the budget discussions, and the solutions so unfailingly offered, in the current magazines.

Then, worse and more of it, come the occasional bills, the dentist's, perhaps the doctor's, unexpected company, a blown-out tire, and wedding, birthday and Christmas gifts about every so often. However, we ordinary folks seem to "get by" eventually. Though we are hard hit by the expenses of a baby's arrival, most of us seem to get the doctor and the hospital paid at last.

With many of us, when the baby comes, some needful things don't. The old overcoat, suit and dresses are made to go on, the old bus simply gets another annual painting and rattles away, while our childless friends pass us in the latest four-wheel-brake sport models. We spend our vacations at home. When we tire of scrubbing windows and cleaning house, for a change we read the cards more fortunate neighbors send us from Sunshine Beach or Summit Peak.

My wife and I love the out-of-doors. We are much of the mind of a friend who said that she would walk a mile to eat a sandwich on the grass. Just to get out for a picnic is a source of never-ending delight; but we find that gasoline and the few extra fixings run up in cost. We have managed to accumulate a set of picnic plates, tableware, and vacuum jug, and trust some day to get a folding table and chairs. We only hope that these will come before disappointment brings defeat.

The patter and chatter of our little one about the home is the greatest joy in our lives, but, to tell the truth, the thought of the arrival of the next is not as cherished as it should be. Not as cherished, at least, on my part. Perhaps I ought not to think about it, and let my creditors worry about their bills. Anyway, whether thought about or not, the situation means debt, skimping, patching up, doing without needful things and staying home on account of shabby clothing. I have not bought a suit since our marriage, and the one that was new at the wedding needs replacement now. I am ashamed that my wife's wardrobe is as low as it is, but she manages to get along and is most reasonable in her purchases.

Uncounted pages have been written on the joys of married life and of parenthood, and for us, every page is true. Yet I notice that many who undertake the adventure of marriage fail to undertake that of parenthood. I do not regret the little one with us or the one who is coming, but, regretful or joyful, the doctor and the hospital must be paid. These costs are not unreasonable; certainly the doctor earns his fee, and even the poor man feels that, in the valley of shadow, the best is none too good. Yet is it not unfortunate that what is to many the biggest event in family life and one of such vital importance to our national welfare, should be such an acute financial problem?

My father thought that to raise a large family was a moral obligation on those who were able. Though he had but a modest salary, he and mother proved the courage of their conviction with nine children. I think we nine (all living) are entitled to call ourselves passably fair citizens. Three years ago, when father passed away, he left mother with a small home, $200 a year income as long as she lived, and five children in school. This left mother greatly dependent on her wage-earning children, and while we do our bit, she lacks many needed things. This situation, so near at home, brings a question mark of its own.

My wife and I are quite healthy and the baby has hardly had a sick minute in its two years. The doctor has only once entered our home in our married life. Physical unfitness will not limit the size of our family, and there is no mental disorder in our families to cause concern. My wife loves children, too, often saying: "I would adore to have five or six like Catherine running around."

Shall we have five or six? Shall we give that many future citizens to the nation, that many consumers of manufactured products, that many defenders, if need be? Five or six would mean paring down the grocery list, far heavier expenses for milk and babies' dresses and shoes, giving up many little pleasures. Would we be able to wipe out, even occasionally, the constant memory of the struggle to get the bills paid? Would we be able, as we aren't now, to overlook the pleasures our childless friends are able to afford, which we cannot? Would we be happy to stay at home from the Chautauqua (and if you smile at that, you simply don't know what Chautauqua means in a small town), from the band concerts, the picnics we now enjoy, the other social affairs at which one does not like to appear in shabby clothing? In this age, with so much new knowledge on such matters scattered abroad, the problem does not merely have to do with the welcome the stork is to get, but whether he shall arrive at all.

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How about the other millions of American citizens with incomes similar to or smaller than my own? Will they allow only physical fitness to govern the size of their families? Yet if America is to continue, by whom can it be better repeopled than by the children of American citizens? This great nation, the richest on earth, might well observe the policy of another nation, which, I am told, offers governmental aid to parents at the birth of a child. The expense of such government aid could only be met in America by increased taxation; but in that case the first cost of future citizens would be borne by all, even the childless and the unmarried sharing the burden and helping to give parents a better chance to welcome and properly to care for their children. Many of us, who are physically able, cannot have children at the present "first cost" and make ends meet. If our government saw fit to charge at least part of the first cost to the public, and not to the parents, as at present, some millions of us would more cheerfully welcome the realization that a future citizen was coming by way of our own home.

ALAN HERSHEY.

In the Bag

THE leisure class of Woppington was holding a conference in Elmer Durkin's newspaper dive and den of nicotine. Those present were Lem Beale, who is a Democratic postmaster in season, and Oscar Binns, a son of the G. O. P. and husband of the town's leading laundress. Elmer wasn't very busy either. While others selfishly toiled and moiled, these citizens burned tobacco upon the altar of their country.

"It looks," said Mr. Beale, "like Al." After seven years of heart-sickness the ex-postmaster was himself again.

Mr. Binns was of a fuller habit of speech.

"At the same time every indication points to the nomination of Herbert Hoover."

"That's how the cards lie," admitted Elmer, "and a year ago if you wanted to bet your washers that way you could write your own ticket. Anybody who said that Al Smith would be a boom-boom from Boston to Los Angeles and come down to the Mason and Dixon line with five hundred on ice would have got a hitch-hike to the nut factory. Al's still got some hurdles to take, but it's in the bag. Walsh has checked out. He was a good guy, but he hitched his waterwagon to a falling star. Jim Reed is still barnstorming around in the cow country, but he shot his tubes in California. It's a pipe he can't beat anything but his breast. The rest are pushovers. They'll take their bouquets from the home folks and do a fadeout. A little light road work and a poached egg and Al will be over. No wonder there's a light in Lem's bleary lamps and a two-dollar schoolgirl complexion on his antique map!

"The dusty Nordics, South by Sou'west, were all set to put the works on the Tammany Tiger, but they couldn't find anybody to bell the cat. There's no Bryan any more to show New York where it gets off. Tom Heflin tried to qualify, but all he showed was a snooty disposition and a talent for putting his dogs in the wrong place. You might say that Al Smith copped the flag on the day W. J. B. cashed in at Dayton, Tennessee."

"Smith has popularity in certain quarters," admitted Oscar Binns, "but he never can win against Hoover."

"My story is," said Elmer, "that your little fat friend owes a lot to Al Smith. The jumbo racketeers didn't cuddle up to Herby at first, but when Houston began to look so Smithy they had to stop, look and listen. Then H. H. began to panic them on the road and that helped Smith and vice versa. They were plugging each other's game, if you get my slant—Al for Herb and Herb for Al. When the other guy is warming his ace slabster you'd be a sap to go out in the sand lots and dig up a semi-pro.

"That's what put the skids under the Lowden lad. When Coolidge backed himself out of the picture last summer, Frank Lowden was off in front and he still showed a flash of the old class this spring when he tromped all over Bill Thompson's manly form. They three-sheeted this baby around as the man with the hoe and the hick's handy helper, but this way from Pittsburgh the bozos never got hep whether Lowden was the name of a hammer slayer or a new radio horn. How would he stack up in the Atlantic sector in a rough-and-tumble with K. O. Smith, the terror of Oliver Street? He'd be lucky if he saved his shirt and Pennsylvania. Where does this leave friend Frank? Back of the eight ball.

"The next fillum was entitled, 'Came Dawes.' I wish I had a smacker for every time somebody buzzed me that scenario. It's kneedeep in June, see, and the K. C. boys are all snagged up. Hoover shows form, but fails to put over the haymaker and is beginning to fade. So a little group of serious thinkers makes whoopee in a hotel room with a hunk of ice in the washbowl and they dope out the answer. Next morning the convention hears the grand old warble, 'Clap hands, here comes Charley!'

"Every time a city slicker blows into this dump he slips me the feedbox dope that Wall Street has slapped the kayo on Hoover and it's all framed for Hell an' Maria. Or somebody else—that's what hands me a cackle. Often it's no less than Calvin. Papa Hughes gets a hand and so does Old Man Curtis. One bird even claimed the pasteboards are all stacked for Nick Longworth. Nobody's tacked the bunting on Watson yet, but I've got my face all fixed for it.

"The wiseguys had Hoover stopped—all he could get was delegates. Massachusetts, Ohio and

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California were gravy for him and he almost swiped Indiana out of Jim Watson's hip pocket. He'll spring around four hundred at the kickoff with a lot of favorite sons ready to croak and will him a flock of yes-men. The way it listens now there'll be no work for the bedroom statesmen. The party won't last till 2 A. M. The stoppers are stopped and the Cal-drafters are sunk. The hooey now runs that the G. O. P.'s might throw such a panic over Smith they'd gallop to Coolidge, but I can't see that. With H. H. crowding five hundred votes, where would C. C. have any alibi to swallow all those do-not-chooses and come back in?"

"It looks pretty certain for Al Smith," said Lem Beale, "but Hoover can still lose."

"Sure; Hardings will happen in the best of families, but that's not the way to bet the ancestral jools. This kind of takes the kick out of the pennant races, but the World's Series ought to be the cats. Al and Herbert might even get so steamed up they'd tell us what they think about something."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

IF MR. MELLON hasn't exactly come out for Hoover, he is now at least half-way out. He got together the Pennsylvania delegation behind closed doors and then handed them a written statement that the good Herbert "seems to come closest to the standard that we have set for the presidency." It is not quite clear whether "we" refers to Mr. Mellon and the Deity, or Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge, or perhaps all three; but there is no doubt at all that the old gentleman has at last been lassooed and is on his way to the Hoover corral. To be sure, he added a precautionary note to the effect that the Pennsylvania delegates ought to go to Kansas City without having anybody's label on their collars. The greatest Secretary of the Treasury since (or is it "including"?) Alexander Hamilton just cannot give up his two fond hopes, first, that Mr. Coolidge may again be persuaded to march down into the arena and, second, that if he won't, perhaps Mr. Hughes will. He wants to leave all the emergency exits unlocked so that at the slighest favorable hint he can be up, out, and away on the Coolidge bandwagon. He has now clearly indicated, nevertheless, that Herbert is his third choice; and since his first two are out of it, the walkover for the Hooverites at Kansas City becomes bigger, better and more certain than ever.

The Mellon announcement had been long delayed, and had caused much anxiety in Herbert's camp. With no personal hostility toward this candidate such as has characterized some of his opponents, there was still a lack of enthusiasm which caused Mr. Mellon to hold aloof. Perhaps it may have been chiefly a desire not to seem to be delivered by his Under-Secretary, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, who early plumped for Herbert and has become one of his most ardent champions and supporters, which kept Mr. Mellon so long from getting on board the administration bandwagon. Yet some of those whose relations with Mr. Mellon are personal as well as political, who see him in the evening far away from the dark shadows of the Treasury Building, have a different view of his attitude.

Mr. Mellon, they say, came to Washington seven years ago a timid, tired soul, uncertain of himself, fearful of the future. Seven years of Washington, however, have made a different man of him. Two things have been demonstrated. One is that, so far as politics is concerned, Mr. Mellon is shock-proof. Despite his ethereal look, they can't come too tough for him. He can stand anything Vare can stand. Personal and political association with Vare imposes no strain on his public conscience or his private sensibilities. The idea that he is a delicate, frail, sensitive figure who must be sheltered from the hard and ugly realities of politics has no basis. The other newly discovered fact is that the extraordinary social and journalistic adulation with which he has been drenched, so far from being distasteful to him, has become almost essential. There is no limit to the quantity he can absorb. No man in public life in a generation has had more of this sort of thing than has Mr. Mellon since he came to Washington. In his quiet way, none has liked it more. That it should have had an effect upon him was natural and inevitable. It is clear to those who know him best and see him most that Mr. Mellon not only thoroughly enjoys the editorial habit of the Republican organs of referring to him as the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," but he also thoroughly likes the idea of being a political power.

It is further said that it by no means offends him to be told that he is not, himself, by any means too old to be President and that he could be elected without trouble if he would just say the word. While that kind of talk is music to the old gentleman's ears—and it would be to anyone's in his place—and while he loves to toy with the idea, he has no serious notion that such a dream can be realized. What he really wants, according to those who ought to know, is to be the King Maker, and the real reason he held aloof from Herbert is that he did not take kindly to the idea of just joining the rush for the Hoover bandwagon. Second-fiddle stuff does not appeal to him now. It seemed to him that he was being dragged. He held back because of an idea given him by Mr. C. Dewey Hilles, whose leadership of his party in New York has been so singularly successful—that is, from the Democratic angle. The idea was that if he did hold back, nothing could be done without him. It was pointed out to Mr. Mellon that he holds the key to the situation; so long as the Pennsylvania and New York delegations remain uninstructed, nobody's nomination is assured. It is not surprising that Mr. Mellon cast about him in his mind as to whether he could not find someone more congenial for the presidency than Herbert, of the self-sufficient manner, deeply rooted opinions and appallingly statistical mind.

There is no doubt that Mr. Mellon did some casting about. At one time he seriously told some friends that Governor Fisher seemed to him well fitted for the presidency, and he saw no reason he should not be named.

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This was months ago. Since then, Governor Fisher has come out strongly for Hoover. A shrewd guess, I think, is that what Mr. Mellon would really like would be for things to run along exactly as they are now, with Mr. Coolidge in the White House and himself in the Treasury. He dislikes the idea of the change, and deplores the necessity for it. Every now and then, he gets the idea that perhaps he can bring about a situation at Kansas City that will result in the "drafting" of Mr. Coolidge. It is easy to understand that this notion, too, comes from Mr. Hilles, who has gone so far out on the anti-Hoover limb that he is likely to break his political neck.

Undoubtedly, if Mr. Mellon could have ditched Herbert for Hughes or Coolidge or someone else relatively agreeable to him, he would have been delighted. But there are several reasons why such ditching was all but impossible, the principal one being that despite the whisperings, the plots, the rumors and reports, the hopes and the fears, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes are so far out of the race that they couldn't get back even if they wanted to—and neither does. The astonishing thing is that recognition of this fact has not been general from the start. Once the unavailability of Coolidge and Hughes is accepted, it is impossible to find any other logical landing place for the Secretary of the Treasury than in the Hoover camp. There he has actually, with a slightly dull thud, landed.

While it is true that Hoover did not carry Indiana against Square Shooter Watson's machine with its 60,000 workers, the sort of vote he rolled up in the primaries last Tuesday added to his prestige and enhanced his prospects. A few things could still happen to him before the convention to knock the prize out of his hands, but, even without the Mellon bouquet, he is a better bet today than he was last week. Not only is it harder to keep him out of his first-ballot majority, but the risk involved in turning him down is much increased.

T. R. B.

Washington.

"Your Love Is Like a Quicksand Where Men Build"

Your love is like a quick-sand where men build
Day after day, bright palaces of years,
Walling them in with music they have willed,
Hanging them with dark tapestries of fears,
And finding there when next they see your face
No tower or image out of all that dream
They set upon you; only in its place
Sweet disenchanted laughter mocking them.

Here, where is nothing, was the first stone laid,
And there, where nothing stands, rose into air
High battlements to hold against the world
Lest our two souls be lonely and afraid;
And over them the lipless sands have curled,
And I too have forgotten that they were.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

Orchestral Dramas

THE news part of this review is that there was given, at the Manhattan Opera House, on May 4 and the two next evenings, a program of three "orchestral dramas," as they are called, Ernest Bloch's "Israel," Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes" and Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and "Dances from Prince Igor," with dramatic interpretations in pantomime. The production was made by The Neighborhood Playhouse, in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra, under Mr. Nicolai Sokoloff. The stage direction and the dramatic composition was by Miss Irene Lewisohn, from Mr. Sokoloff's musical interpretations. The décor for the "Israel" was by Mr. Jo Davidson, the sculptor, for the Debussy by Mr. Ernest de Weerth, for the Borodin by Miss Esther Peck.

The intention behind such a venture as this at the Manhattan is to find a fuller significance, perhaps, for certain musical compositions by trying to express in visual color, plastic line, changing rhythms in movement and light, the emotions that we derive from the music. This dramatic visualization accompanying the music strives to discover a new life for it in another medium besides that of sound by which it lives.

The considerations around such an attempt turn, according to Mr. Sokoloff in his program note, on three points. First, there is music so pure and perfect in itself, so transcendental of human interference, that to touch it would be a sacrilege. But music that is admittedly written with a story, a human drama or mood as its inspiration, needs its complement, the visual element. The music to which was written a dramatic complement is dull when performed without it. Here taste enters—the only music wisely to be chosen is that which may be enhanced by the appeal to the eye, synchronized with and builded upon the musical content and the composer's intention. Second, in such orchestral drama the orchestra is not in sight, the person in the audience may keep his eye solely on the dramatic spectacle as he listens, or, by the same token, close his eyes and have the music only. Third, there is another medium now employed, the visual, to which some people may be more capable of response than they are to the world of sound.

All of which comes down finally to the principle that the purpose in art is to recreate in us, by means of our response, the experience, the mood, the idea, that the artist had and strove to express. To this end he uses the medium he works in, and for this end we give ourselves to his art. Art is a way of creating, in one section of living, an experience we have in another. A musician walking under the moon may put what he lives at that moment into his own element of sound, giving it a new life and body there. An architect, hearing that music, may put into mass and line, elevations, textures and planes, what he has lived in the music. A lover may carry into love the life he lives in this music or architecture—and so on and so on. It follows, then, that the extension or multiplication of the mediums employed for expression widens the field in which our response takes place, includes more of our sensuous avenues, and is better calculated to reach diverse kinds of men, since in one man one sense is most alive and in an-

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other another. This is an old dream, it was very much alive through Wagner's teachings, and in the Greek theater to be taken as a matter of course: words, music, dancing and décor were thought of as almost one art. There is nothing to be said against it, though we may add that widening the field of the response does not necessarily make it either deeper or less deep.

And yet the fact remains that in each several art there is always a summit or quintessence that is reached strictly by means of the art's own special and peculiar medium. The entire creation relies on the medium employed, the whole seems complete in itself and final in its particular content. This fact might seem in the present instance to argue against this effort at expression through the combined mediums of sight and sound instead of through sound only. It does not, however, do so at all. The problem is really one of taste and judgment, as to where the attempt is to be made and for whom it is to be made.

I myself, for example, prefer what we call pure music to the dramatic effects in the general Wagner tradition. I prefer Duccio to Rembrandt, despite Rembrandt's depth of character and feeling. I prefer dancing that retains a strict phrasing and form rather than dramatic outpourings that are strong or hot but casual. I prefer the phrase as it stands to any individual artist's monkeying with it, however deep the thing is that is to be said by the artist —let him give the phrase its depth, and through that his depth, without changing what the phrase is. I dislike seeing the necessary elements of one art evaded by reliance on another. But this ought to be obvious. And the whole discussion proves nothing, it only means that the chances for coming off, for a complete translation into art, lessen with the number of mediums employed. It only means, for example, in this particular case, of Bloch or Debussy or Borodin and the Neighborhood producers that, in order for the whole event to reach the same level of creation that the music attains, we should have to have the same degree of invention and creation in the décor, the dramatic composition and the dancing, that Bloch, Debussy and Borodin exhibit in the music. That is much to ask, but asking it does not deny the value of this recent effort.

This struggle between the strictly single art—music—and the implication of other arts and their participation in the whole result, is only parallel to what we have in the world about us: the man, the flower, the tree, the wave, each of them achieves beauty through unity and completeness in kind—*omnis quippe pulchritudine unitas forma est,* as St. Augustine said; but there is also that relation of the individual to the whole, from which the antiphonies of universal beauty may arise.

The production at the Manhattan seemed to me a much more than worthwhile experiment. The best parts of the evening for me were, first, Mr. Sokoloff's orchestra and his conducting—the performance of the three numbers had every air of completeness and beautiful imagination—and second, the acting of Mr. Benjamin Zemach, of the Habbima Theater. As the tribesman before the Wailing Wall in the "Israel" and as the Storm Cloud in the "Nuages" and "Fêtes," Mr. Zemach gave such a performance, for dramatic wholeness, poetry, and a kind of concentrated, intensified stylization, as you may hardly see equalled anywhere.

The story written to the "Israel" has no century or nationality; it is "merely the suggestion of the sculptural line and massive form of the prophetic books"; it has its source in the idea of the Atonement, and its dramatic progress and character in the Atonement ritual and the Hebrew poetry and tradition. The high wall, running almost the width of the stage, that Mr. Davidson had designed, was in every way effective, though the scene lacked imaginative lighting. The ensemble movement was often admirable, but as often too vague and diffused.

Mr. de Weerth's designs for "Nuages" and "Fêtes" did more for that number than anything else. The movement of the Passing Cloud Form, as Miss Martha Graham danced it, needed a closer relation to the music. The phrases of movement were themselves beautiful and beautifully composed into their passage across the stage; but the swelling of that breath of life within each phrase needed to move more from out the sound that was the soul of it. Mr. Michio Ito seemed to me for the most part boring, not enough study, not enough attention to clarity and point in the phrasing of his movement, not enough dramatic projection, and much too much inconsequent changing of line. It took only Mr. Zemach's first posture to wipe Mr. Ito from the dramatic composition.

These two first parts of the program seemed to me, if not completely effective, to have at many passages their own beauty and invention. The Borodin dances—hopelessly ill in their lighting—had a better chance at popular appeal, though for me they were the least wise of the ventures, for the reason that, being dance music, they lead us to demand technical dancing a good deal better than what I saw at the Manhattan. In this case we needed dancing proper, where in the Bloch and Debussy it was dancing in the older and more classic sense of interpretation and expression through gesture and movement.

STARK YOUNG.

Narcissa Baddery

(How to hergesheimer, in one easy lesson.)

IT WAS, Narcissa Baddery perceived, as she opened one eye, morning. The early opaline sunlight, slipping, pale but expensive, through the chignon valances that shrouded the long Moorish window-openings, hit, precisely, the silken hummock in the coverlet pushed up by one flawless knee, and slid off into her face.

Why, Narcissa Baddery couldn't penetrate. Perhaps what she intrinsically was came inescapably in conflict with this recurrent phenomenon of morning. Soon, Narcissa Baddery knew, she would cast off this wilderness of silk sheets and lacy pillows, and, to speak brutally, get up. But just now, for some deep reason inextricably bound, she felt, with her nature as a Hergesheimer woman, she would lie there for a minute or so, pensive, somnolent. The polished surface of the ormolu clock, flanked by quattrocento pilasters and supported by Mycenæan caryatides, indicated the hour of, precisely, seven twenty-eight. Two minutes, she reflected. Getting up was, succinctly, hell. . . .

The sunlight, strengthening, growing more opaline, less cheap, every minute, spread a widening pool over the floor

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of the huge, high-ceilinged bed-chamber. Narcissa Baddery, watching the creeping sunbeam, thought that its progress must, actually, be audible. No, that, humorously enough, was Bucyrus, who, she had momentarily forgotten, slept under his mistress' Empire four-poster. . . . With a slow, carefully languorous motion, Narcissa Baddery let her eyes caress the furnishings of the room. She was, she recognized, a glutton of beauty, but she had, she considered, with something approaching complacence, taken the means to allay, at least, this insatiable appetite. Narcissa Baddery's glance fell lovingly, lingeringly, and with a certain detached suavity, on the Chippendale chairs, the Sheraton sofa, the tutti-frutti armoire, the Hepplewhite alarm-clock; she gazed, drawing in her breath in a little sigh, at the Duncan Phyfe rood-screen that barred, from too profane eyes, the early Norman fire-place. From the Tiepolo ceiling, Michelangelesque figures brooded majestically, and God the Father pointed, with a splendid vital mingling of pride and command, at a Louis XVI commode.

The servants, Narcissa Baddery reflected, were a lazy lot. Seven-thirty and not, as yet, a sound in the house. In the act of leaning forward to press the lacquered mother-of-pearl butterfly bell, there was a muted tap at the door.

"Come," Narcissa called, "in."

They were flowers—orchids and evening primroses—from Charles Markeson. A little frown gathered at the corners of Narcissa Baddery's brooding eyes. She considered, her glance roaming swiftly from knick-knack to objet d'art, what to do with them. "Put them," she commanded, "in that vase—no, that Grecian urn. . . . No," she reflected, "Bucyrus, sometimes, drinks out of that. . . . Well, perhaps that Ming piece. . . . No, that won't, really, do either." How tiresome, she decided, of Charles Markeson not to realize how hard it is to make up one's mind where, in effect, one is to put flowers. And so early, frankly, in the morning. "Well," Narcissa Baddery concluded, "you had better, perhaps, throw them out. They give me a headache."

That, as the maid pointed out, over a departing shoulder, was what she had been afraid of, all along.

He couldn't, actually, thought Narcissa Baddery, as she threw back the covers with one sheer motion, have reflected very much one way or the other. Perhaps, she mused, Charles Markeson had not altogether succeeded in interpreting her actions, if you could call them that, of the previous evening. What if she had, in that almost reckless mood that seemed to grow on her with the years, given herself to him, last night? After all, Charles Markeson—a man with, as she had thought, his discernment—should, surely, have been able to comprehend. She had meant, she pondered with a little frown, almost nothing by it.

As she stood, in the flush of quivering arisal, on the thick sheepskin rug, she raised her perfect arms and stretched, arc-like, an image of Diana, on her naked toes. With a report quite audible in the soft morning air, a knee-joint cracked.

"He-" said Narcissa Baddery, "-ll."

In one swift movement of stooping grace she slipped from her pyjamas, and, flinging open the French windows, stole out into the dewy morning.

The pond, its shimmering flatness still steaming with the early mist, looked, as Narcissa Baddery eyed it watchfully, cold. She tiptoed out on the little dock, and stood there, in young and rosy loveliness, quaking. After all, was it necessary? She had fulfilled her obligation to be present, Narcissa considered: it might be better not, just now, to go too far. It looks, she observed, chilly. She had hardly hazarded the observation when a mosquito, tempted beyond his strength, bit her.

The dive was not, frankly, the perfect extended parabola with which Narcissa Baddery, usually, made her entry into the water. When, finally, her dripping head emerged, among the gleaming ripples, some ten yards from the dock, she was silent, though that was as significant as a direct affirmation. But now that she was, after all, in, she concluded, she was no longer out. She dived again, with, as she considered, a disgraceful gesture to the offending mosquito. When you are wet, she asserted to herself, you might, perhaps, just as well be completely wet. . . .

The mosquito sat and waited on the dock. Narcissa did not reappear, and the time dragged interminably: never, he told himself, had he sampled so intriguing a nymph. What, he wondered, would he do when Narcissa emerged; he hadn't thought of the imminence of that epiphany. A shoulder, possibly, or the delicious tip of her nose—he did not, in effect, dare consider too much the spot his proboscis had first, with automatic impudence, selected.

Narcissa Baddery was, seated on the cool mud floor of the pond, considering. She was, in a way, aware of the mosquito. But there were, in Narcissa Baddery's head, many tangled notions. It was, certainly, the devil to get one out. The verb, she knew, should follow the subject, but then, the hopeless thing was to get the object after the verb. A sudden binding realization, a resolution, really, came over her—this was the last time she would ever give a mosquito, or anyone else, such a chance. She would, she thought almost savagely, sit here on the bottom until she had succeeded. . . .

The mosquito had been watching for some time. Now and then, from the spot where Narcissa had disappeared, a few light bubbles had emerged; for several minutes there had been no sign. But now, as he looked, suddenly a large bubble, silvery, iridescent, broke the surface; and then, ominously, no more.

T. S. Matthews.

Women

Some women herd such little things—a box
Oval and glossy, in its gilt and red,
Or squares of satin, or a high, dark bed—
But when love comes, they drive to it all their flocks;
Yield up their crooks; take little; gain for fold
And pasture each a small, forgotten grave.
When they are gone, then lesser women crave
And squander their sad hoards; their shepherds' gold.
Some gather life like faggots in a wood,
And crouch its blaze, without a thought at all
Past warming their pinched selves to the last spark.
And women as a whole are swift and good,
In humor scarce, their measure being small;
They plunge and leap, yet somehow miss the dark.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Aid for the Textile Workers

SIR: Although no sensational events have featured the great strike of 27,000 cotton-mill workers at New Bedford, Mass., supporters of the labor movement should realize that it is tremendously important. We hope that the New Republic will allow us a few inches of space to appeal to its readers for immediate contributions to the New Bedford Strike Relief Fund.

In fighting against a 10 percent wage cut, the New Bedford strikers are asking for a wage scale which is only about half of the miners' union scale. Their financial reserves are so low that they cannot hold out long unless friends of the labor movement in all parts of America come to their support.

One refreshing thing about the New Bedford strike is that it has an excellent chance of winning. Dollar for dollar we do not know of a better investment in human values. Money sent now will be used exclusively for groceries for the families of unorganized workers; the union workers are supporting themselves with their own strike funds. Relief should be sent to the New Bedford Textile Council Strike Relief Fund, Post Office Box 57, New Bedford, Mass., or will be transmitted by the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York City. NORMAN THOMAS.

In Venezuela

SIR: Allow me to state that the author of the article appearing in the New Republic of May 9, under the caption of "Venezuela on the Rack," gives your readers a great deal of misinformation.

Your correspondent gives the impression that many thousand Venezuelan citizens are now in exile. According to the last census taken in 1926, there were in all 5,935 male Venezuelans living in foreign lands, of whom 2,727 resided in the neighboring republic of Colombia. These figures do not represent citizens who have left the country for political reasons. Many of them have been absent from Venezuela for many years, and in the cited figures a very small part was formed of citizens opposed to the present regime, many of whom are now back in our country. President Gomez has on many occasions assured all Venezuelans that they are always welcome to their country, where they may enjoy its enormous prosperity, the result of a sane policy of peace, order and of patriotic and effective management of public affairs.

The writer states that the population of Venezuela is only about two and a half millions in all. Our 1926 census shows it to be 3,026,878 inhabitants, and present figures are calculated to be over three and a quarter millions.

On account of the exploration and exploitation of our oil resources, not one or two persons have become very rich, as your correspondent states, but a very great number of our citizens, and not a few foreigners have acquired fortunes. The condition of all classes, including that of the laborers, is very satisfactory; the lowest paid working man earning today twice as much as he did a few years ago.

In order to maintain peace, as the only practical formula for the advancement of the country, General Gomez was obliged to use at first a strong hand to break down the turbulent spirit of those who had made of our revolutions a profitable business. As soon as he saw the opportunity of tempering justice with mercy, he did not hesitate to do so, and extended an olive branch to his political enemies. Many of them are now occupying high positions in the government. General Gomez stated in his New Year's Address (1928) that there were no political prisoners in Venezuela, and that the Caracas jail—where, since colonial times, they had usually been confined—had been transformed into a warehouse for materials to be used in public works.

Your misinformed correspondent says that Venezuela has practically no schools. To cite the opinion of Trade Commissioner P. L. Bell of the Department of Commerce: "Venezuela possesses a well equipped Government Department of Public Instruction." There are today over 2,000 government and private schools, and those of the government are being increased at the rate of 40 per year. The two Universities were only closed for a short time, to direct the mentality of our students toward trade and agriculture which needed their intellectual coöperation. The old University of Merida is at present being provided by the government with new buildings and with a modern equipment.

In his last two Messages to Congress, General Gomez has taken away from the very few remaining revolutionists any mischievous excuse they might have brought forth to disturb our public peace. In one of these Messages he requests the Congress to create with national funds an Agricultural Bank which will make loans to farmers and cattle-raisers for the development of their industries; and a Labor Bank which will make loans to the wage-earners so that they may acquire their own homes under economical conditions. He also requested the Congress to establish a free port in our country, which will be very beneficial to commerce in general.

Before these accomplished facts—which prove that President Gomez is a patriotic citizen and a peer among the world's statesmen—the generalizations of your correspondent count very little.

P. R. RINCONES,
New York City. Consul General of Venezuela.

SIR: I take Mr. Rincones point by point.

Thousands of Venezuelans in exile had to flee their country secretly and in disguise. Census figures are not likely to enumerate them. About 5,000 Venezuelans are in this country, 3,000 in Trinidad and others scattered over the world. Why should they leave a country "with patriotic and efficient management"? Six thousand people fled from San Cristobal alone, while Gomez' half-brother was Governor. The exiles have been absent for "many years" because the Gomez tyranny has lasted ever since he stole power. The spider welcomes the fly, of course. But what is the nature of the probable "welcome"?

The former chief of statistics, Dr. P. M. Ruiz, later poisoned in one of Gomez' jails, declared that the 1916 census showed, not over three millions, but only 1,200,000. Some Venezuelans believe the figures were afterwards "cooked" before they were published. Dr. Razzetti, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Medicine, published a statement that the population of the capital itself dropped between 1908 and 1920 from 113,412 to 110,421 due to "poor sanitary conditions and persecution."

Not a single Venezuelan has profited from oil, I am assured, except Gomez' own creatures. Nowhere have wages risen save in Caracas and Maracaibo, and there vital prices have trebled. That is what oil has done for the people of Venezuela.

On Gomez' "strong hand" more details are at hand than any paper would care to print. Let us leave them for the present under the head of "indecent torture."

So it was, then, necessary in January of this year of grace to deny that there were any political prisoners! There have been hundreds since. When the Caracas jail was closed a new political prison was opened, and there have always been three others.

Venezuela spends on her education less than does Panama, with one-sixth Venezuela's population. Her schools, I believe, would hold about 2.5 percent of her boasted population. The University of Caracas was closed for seven years, the other University, Merida, for several years, and the West Point of Venezuela has now been closed "to direct the mentality," etc.

The banks are old window-dressing tricks, previously "decreed" many years ago. The free port is a blow aimed at existing ports in pursuit of one of Gomez' schemes of self-aggrandizement.

Gomez is charged with flagrant ill-living, vast appropriations for his relations and numerous bastards, systematic political murder and torture, a system of slavery, the ruin of a rich country; and his agents can only rejoin with patter about wrong figures and "requested" palliatives.

New York City. WILSON MIDGLEY.

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Symbolism

Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 88 pages. $1.50.

THE forms of symbolism exemplified in language, art and mathematics are, for Mr. Whitehead, lesser variants of the fundamental type of symbolism involved in adequate perception of the real world of things existent in space and changing in time. The structural elements in all symbolisms are, however, the same irrespective of the significance of the subject-matter. Symbolism occurs whenever the human mind uses one component ("symbol") in its experience as a means of bringing into experience another component ("meaning"). The mental function by which we pass from symbol to meaning Mr. Whitehead terms Symbolic Reference. Symbolic Reference does not perpetuate itself, but terminates eventually in another mental function termed Direct Recognition. By means of the latter we gain immediate acquaintance with fact. All components in experience can, as far as their intrinsic nature is concerned, be the objects of Direct Recognition. In nature, there is no distinction between symbol and meaning. This, as Mr. Whitehead very illuminatingly points out, is to assert a thorough-going realism.

The difference between the knowledge result of Symbolic Reference and that of Direct Recognition is enormously significant. Direct Recognition gives us knowledge that is necessarily certain, or, as Mr. Whitehead puts it, infallible. The knowledge is infallible because Direct Recognition is its own criterion. Whatever we directly recognize we do simply directly recognize. Direct Recognition is "infallible" for the same reason that tautologies are never false. Knowledge given in Symbolic Reference, on the other hand, though far more significant than Direct Recognition, is quite fallible. Symbolic Reference is not its own criterion; eventually, it depends upon Direct Recognition. In the passage from symbol to meaning, many a slip is possible. The price we pay for greater significance is uncertainty.

This general scheme of Mr. Whitehead's theory of symbolism is the theory of knowledge made familiar by contemporary realism. It is when Mr. Whitehead extends his doctrine of symbolism to perception of external objects—which is the central theme of the book—it is then that he breaks important, and as far as one can gather, new ground.

The most important and most fundamental symbolism is that involved in using sense-presentations as symbols to physical bodies. When we say, naïvely, that we see a chair, what we really *directly* recognize is a patch of color of a given size and shape having certain spatial relations to its environment. The perceptive mode of experience by which we directly recognize what is given in sense-presentation Mr. Whitehead terms Presentational Immediacy. The world presented to us in the pure mode of Presentational Immediacy is the contemporary external world, the world we see variously colored and spatially related, the world we taste and smell and touch, and in which we hear different sounds. Sense-perceptions or sense-data are the result of the interactivity of the percipient organism and the objects (also organisms) in the contemporary external world. Very rarely, however, do we consider sense-data in their conjoint relationship. The naïve realism of the common mind always ascribes sense-data to the external objects—and calls them qualities. The psychological realism of the sophisticated philosophical mind ascribes them to the senses—and calls them sensations. To ascribe sense-data in either of these ways is to abstract them from their relational context as presented in the pure perceptive mode of Presentational Immediacy.

The perceptive mode of Presentational Immediacy never exists, however, in its absolutely pure form. There is another and more primitive mode of perceptive experience, integral to the mind, a mode Mr. Whitehead calls Causal Efficacy. By this latter mode of perception we perceive, as directly as by Presentational Immediacy, the causal interrelatedness of all things; we perceive how any given occasion in present experience issues out of the settled facts of the past and determines, in part, the facts in the future. One of the most important things in this book is Mr. Whitehead's denial of the validity of Hume's arguments against causality; and one of the neatest logical arguments is his refutation of Hume. Mr. Whitehead's own argument in support of perception of Causal Efficacy reduces itself to an appeal to common experience. We do, says Mr. Whitehead, actually and directly perceive how any given experience is causally enmeshed with other things and events. This perception of Causal Efficacy is more primitive in experience than Presentational Immediacy; it is implied in the responsive behavior of everything in the universe—from sticks and stones to plants and animals; whereas Presentational Immediacy is a perceptive mode discoverable only in the experience of high-grade organisms.

In the perceptive experience of any high-grade percipient, the two modes are fused together into one perception by the synthetic activity "symbolic reference." This accounts for the fact that, in spite of the persistent instruction of philosophers, we usually believe that we *directly* see chairs and tables and not merely patches of color. The synthetic activity of mind is so pervasive and subtle, it is not ordinarily noticed. That there is Symbolic Reference in perception Mr. Whitehead thinks is proved by the occurrence of error and illusion. If perception were not the result of the mental function of Symbolic Reference—which is liable to error—we could never see a room and walk into a mirror. For Presentational Immediacy gives us the infallible knowledge of Direct Recognition.

Infallible knowledge is certainly greatly to be desired; but it is so constituted that we can have infallible knowledge only of the unimportant. Sense-data, as given in the pure form of Presentational Immediacy, are in themselves barren and vain. These precise "surfaces" of things become valuable only in the degree that we use them as symbols to things. It is only by the mental synthesis of Symbolic Reference that we can escape from dealing with shadows and can integrate the immobile face of Nature with her persistent inner powers, the forces that through the present move out of the past into the future determining the vital nature and course of things.

Mr. Whitehead has compressed into his chapters more ideas than they can comfortably hold. His ideas have no room in which to stretch themselves and reveal their full stature. As his volume at present stands, it is difficult to avoid concluding that there is a far-reaching confusion in his use of Symbolic Reference. Mr. Whitehead maintains that the passage from symbol to meaning is from the less to the more primitive in experience. (Presentational Immediacy is less primitive than Causal Efficacy.) But, surely, in language, art and mathematics, this is not necessarily so. Symbol and meaning may both be on the same level of experience. Still more pertinently,

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in the mental function of Symbolic Reference you *pass* from symbol to meaning; you do not *fuse* symbol and meaning into a synthetic unity. In perceptive-symbolism, the essence of which is the fusion of two distinct modes of perception, Mr. Whitehead has introduced something which is totally unrelated, so it would seem, to symbolism usually understood; and is, properly, no form of symbolism at all. Of course, Mr. Whitehead is privileged to call this latter synthetic activity of the mind a form of symbolism; but to do so introduces a great deal of confusion.

Mr. Whitehead, in his last chapter, applies his theory of symbolism to an analysis of human society. It is in this application that his doctrine, false or true as a theory of knowledge, achieves most illuminating and impressive significance. Symbols, as represented in institutions, national heroes, customs and traditions, are the bonds which are transmittable from generation to generation, and are effective in uniting (or separating) men on the level of civilization. If we consider them in their pure immediacy, they become the trivial subject-matter of anthropological catalogues of curiosities. But if we recognize their representative nature, and use them as means to a knowledge of the inner life and purpose of human endeavor, then they achieve a powerful meaning. Symbols tie up efficaciously with the stream of Nature, and, in society, with the pregnant life of mankind. To know a symbol is not to contemplate an etherealized essence; it is consciously to identify oneself with the destiny of the universe. It is the majestic religious significance of Mr. Whitehead's doctrine that is, perhaps, of most importance.

JOSEPH RATNER.

The Sovereign People

American Inquisitors, by Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 120 pages. $1.25.

Revolution and Reaction in Modern France, by G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Brentano's. 255 pages. $2.50.

WE learn in time—some of us—that ideas are neither good nor bad because they are revolutionary. Any generation that looses a revolution must find the instrument by which change can be understood and controlled. Otherwise it becomes the victim of blind reaction. Mr. Dickinson's book offers the object lesson of one hundred years of French history. Mr. Lippmann states our own present perplexities and ventures without dogma to suggest salvation.

To take the object lesson first, Mr. Dickinson finds the cause of the French upheaval of 1789 in political interference with economic adjustment, that is, in the existence of privilege. The remedy was political, because the action necessary was to remove the political manipulations which brought all the good things of life into the hands of an hereditary class. The century of violence, during which the form of government underwent seven or eight major changes, followed the first explosion because the Revolution—as an idea—was neither understood nor controlled. The insight needed had to be gradually achieved in the stress of conflict over issues which were real and fundamental.

In our own present state, as Mr. Lippmann makes plain, we have the instrument for control. It is common education. But the teacher is hesitant, puzzled, and his hand trembles at the task.

"Revolution and Reaction in Modern France" is a reprint, more valuable now than when it was first issued a number of years ago. It is one more striking presentation of the fact which cannot too often be presented: mere change is costly and futile. The problem, Mr. Dickinson says, still faces modern thought. "First, the deduction, from *a priori* grounds, of a motive and ideal of life; secondly, the application of this general theory to the particular conditions of existing society." First, metaphysics, if you will; then liberal interpretation and practical application of past and present facts.

This has a reassuring old-fashioned sound. The school of historians and sociologists who think the Great War was the death of everything, including common sense, would spew metaphysics out of their mouths and get on quite as well without bothering to decide on any particular place to get to. Mr. Dickinson thinks experience has a meaning. The experience of France was the struggle to establish the principle of the "sovereignty of the people." This was an attack at the base of the older structure of society, a structure of which the Church and divine revelation were the substance, monarchy the inevitable form. Each of these, Church and State, was involved in the other; both fell before the principle of democracy. How long that victory may last, Mr. Dickinson does not prophesy. The capacity of the sovereign people to deal with the social question is still unproved. That Sphinx "faces inscrutably the rising generations."

Our own revolution has not yet begun to cut off heads in the market place. It is "intellectual" rather than political. But it is real. Mr. Lippmann's book is made up of lectures which he delivered at the University of Virginia, and he deals with the predicament of the person who has the responsibility—and possibly the power—to understand and control our transformation. The modern teacher "belongs to a generation which amidst great hesitation, wild hope and deep fear, is taking down the stones of the temple and is erecting something new, of which the plan is not quite clear, in its place. . . . Only by understanding that he is in the midst of a revolutionary change, and that he is a responsible agent of that change, can he hope to find out what his duty is."

The best comment on "American Inquisitors" would be to quote it from cover to cover. It is packed with wisdom, and all the way through the style is distinguished and keen. Occasionally the lecturer shifts into Socratic dialogue, and manages even that most difficult form of presentation with irony and skill. He takes the two chief examples of our modern reaction, fundamentalism in religion and fundamentalism in politics—Dayton, Tennessee, and Chicago—seriously enough to show that the joke is on the rest of us, not on the late Mr. Bryan or Mayor Thompson.

The teacher, says Mr. Lippmann, cannot solve the problem by instructing the youth in either fundamentalism or modernism. He can only point out the bridge which lies between them. The basis of the reaction now working in our world is strangely similar to the reaction in France. Although the form of tyranny is changed, it still invokes divine revelation. The fundamentalist in the dialogue says you cannot be tolerant, for, "if you are open-minded about revelation you simply do not believe in it. Doubt is an essential part of the method of science, but it is the negation of faith." And, of course, patriotism of the Chicago kind is also a matter of faith which tolerance destroys. The issue is not susceptible of compromise. Mr. Lippmann puts a calm quietus on the straddlers. The young must be helped to make a choice; their only escape from it is into the field where all the straddlers of this

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generation have their being—an amiable fog encumbered with lies.

He concludes with this difficult doctrine: "The advancement of human liberty has, as a matter of practical politics, consisted in building up centers of resistance against the absolutism of the reigning sovereign." In the light of Mr. Dickinson's study, we can see that we have moved from a time when it was a question of simply ousting a fattened nobility for our stomach's sake. The "sovereignty of the people" is a partial fact and an accepted dogma. But, says our Socrates, "In our age the power of majorities tends to become arbitrary and absolute. And, therefore, it may well be that to limit the power of majorities, to dispute their moral authority, to deflect their impact, to dissolve their force, is now the most important task of those who care for liberty." LYMAN BRYSON.

British Secret Documents

British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1898-1914. Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. Vols. I, II. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. New York: British Library of Information. $3 each.

ONE of the extraordinary results of the World War has been the unexampled frankness with which the German, Austrian, and Russian governments have been disclosing its diplomatic origins. Now the British government, even without the impulse of a socialist political revolution, has followed suit, with an admirably edited collection of *secretissima*. Volume XI, the last being first, appeared a year ago, and covered the tragic events of July, 1914. The two initial volumes now before us begin with the scramble for political preponderance in China in 1898, and close with the epoch-making Anglo-French Entente of 1904.

Now for the first time is revealed, from the English side, how Lord Salisbury in 1898 proposed a general Entente with Russia—which came to nothing because of what he regarded as the deceitful shilly-shallying of the Tsar's advisers. Then Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was allowed on his own hook to make "feelers" toward an alliance with Germany—which came to nothing because Bülow and Holstein wanted the agreement to include the Triple Alliance as well as Germany, and because they miscalculated England's dependence on German good will. Even if the Germans had received Mr. Chamberlain's feelers more cordially, it is doubtful if the negotiations would have come to any tangible conclusion, in view of the repugnance of his colleagues to any secret agreement which might bind England to go to war under conditions of which Parliament had not been previously informed. Finally England turned to France—and M. Delcassé grasped at the chance to get a firm grip on Morocco in return for abandoning Egypt to Lord Cromer and the British.

Here also are seen in detail the secret springs which determined the fate of the Samoan Islands, the German abandonment of the Boers, the curious Portuguese promise not to declare neutrality in the Boer War, the origins of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the repercussions on the West of the coming Manchurian conflict in the Far East.

While not nearly as comprehensive and complete as the parallel German volumes, these British documents afford an invaluable supplement to "Die Grosse Politik," and constitute a further challenge to the French to make a similar clean breast of their political past. S. B. F.

Two New Poets

Hale's Pond, by James Whaler. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.

The Joy Ride, by Warren Gilbert. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

IT would be difficult to find two books of verse so apparently unlike as these. Mr. Whaler revels in descriptions of nature, Mr. Gilbert has apparently never heard a robin or looked at a daisy; Mr. Gilbert is bothered by Christianity, Mr. Whaler never mentions the subject; Mr. Whaler writes long narratives, Mr. Gilbert's much shorter poems chiefly concern the knots and tangles of his own mind.

But it is their very dissimilarity which makes these two poets interesting, and their common consideration valuable. For they represent a dichotomy which is at present very noticeable in American poetry, and which is largely responsible for the somewhat wavering and hesitating steps that poetry is now making.

Regarded from this point of view, Mr. Whaler, though he is a younger man than Mr. Gilbert, is the more old-fashioned as a poet. His six poems, all of them fairly long, are reminiscent of both Mr. Robert Frost and Whitman: of Frost in that their subject-matter is New England, and the granite-grained characters to be found there; of Whitman in that occasionally, as in the title poem, Mr. Whaler lets himself go in a long, loping, rhapsodical meter which is not, perhaps, so much Whitman himself as it is Mr. Robinson Jeffers:

> O Night that was to be our Eden of divine beginnings!
> O Night that revealed life's ineluctable illusion!
> O pain of pretending, lost for a moment by pressure of lips!
> O illusion of Death, lost for a moment by pretense of life!

Not much can be said in favor of lines like these. But it is only fair to say that they show Mr. Whaler at his worst, when he bursts into a rhetoric that reminds one of Euripides' remark about the lion lashing itself with its own tail. This fault, which appears in long lists of birds, of wild flowers, and of analogies, is the chief point to be made against Mr. Whaler. It makes his poetry at times too lush, and at times too hollow, and it always obscures his merits. For Mr. Whaler is a good poet, though his quality is not to be got by quotation. He tells a story admirably—the lighter pieces, "Monsieur Pipereau" and "Jordan," are excellent reading, the description of a fight in "The Runaway" is positively breath-taking—and his strong feeling for nature is often vividly expressed. "The Runaway" is the best of his six poems; it is a little chaotic, perhaps, but it has an intensity which keeps it from being derivative, and a richness of allusion which shows definite poetic power. Indeed, one may expect much good poetry from Mr. Whaler, for he has vitality, and as a rule the right words at his command. What he needs is more careful selection; his effects tend to be lost in inappropriate luxuriance.

Luxuriance is the last word that can be applied to Mr. Gilbert. His is a poetry of wit, rather than enthusiasm; of intellect rather than emotion.

> Sunset and evening star, a 1920
> ford coupe. . . . She talked
> incessantly of nothing in a tone

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of strained enthusiasm
very depressing.
I was mute. Her resolute bold attitude
of utter willingness daunted me terribly.

This is Mr. Gilbert at his best, when he condenses what he has to say into a few sharp, ironic phrases, which surprise, not by a "fine excess," but by a sudden, and amusing, jab at the reader's mind. Indeed, the effect of many of his poems, "My Neighbor's Wife," "Our Street," etc., is gained entirely by a quick twist in the last line, which reverses the application of everything that has gone before, and makes the reader jump. Such poetry has its limitations, and if Mr. Gilbert tries to go beyond them, as he does in the title poem, he is not very successful. But he is nearly always clever, and when urged on by his *saeva indignatio* against God and the Puritans, he is often something more. On these occasions his writing has a tinge of that passionate apprehension of thought which we have come to associate with the word "metaphysical."

And it is in this sense that Mr. Gilbert is representative of contemporary tendencies. As opposed to Mr. Whaler's, his poetry, one may suspect, looks forward. It is indicative of that intellectualism which, in Mr. Ransom, has already produced truly metaphysical verse, and which, in an age of increasing emphasis on the intellect, will perhaps be the dominant note of poetry.

THEODORE SPENCER.

The Deadlock

The Deadlock, by V. V. Vieressaev. Translated from the Russian by Nina Wissotzky and Camilla Coventry. New York: The Century Company. $2.

YEARS ago, Dr. Vikenty Vieressaev got into a certain amount of trouble because of his honest account of his experiences in the Russo-Japanese War. This book, which is also thoroughly honest, and a very fair picture of the truth even if it is in fictional form, has undoubtedly made its author exceedingly unpopular with both Reds and Whites. As you may gather from the title (the Russian title was something more like "In a Blind-Alley"), it is strictly non-partisan, and, weighing the Revolutionaries against the Reactionaries, it finds, from a humanitarian point of view, little to choose between them.

Dr. Vieressaev's sympathies are entirely with the ultimate ideals of the Bolsheviks, but he cannot swallow their methods as he saw them in the terrible days of the civil war in the Crimea. He is that unhappy type whom the Bolsheviks hate and despise far more than they do the frank reactionary: a tender-minded, intelligent man who passionately desires certain things for the human race, but won't shoot anybody in order to get them. He by no means hates the Bolsheviks, he describes them quite clearly as individuals, shows us the difference between them, and uncovers, with scrupulous fairness, the working of those minds at once ruthless and idealistic.

While the author's real purpose is to give us all the balancing pros and cons that lead to the deadlock, he also manages to write a vivid, solid, and often very exciting novel, populated with a large and varied collection of absorbingly distinct characters. There is the loyal White, Dmitri, who has seen a wounded comrade beaten to death by Red sailors, and "would fight with anyone you like, so long as it was against those fiends." There is Leonid, who steels himself, when there is so little steel within him, to do whatever blood-letting is necessary in order to crush the enemies of the Revolution. There is Vera, who, in Tsarist days, was dismissed from her post because she would not shake hands with a doctor who had witnessed an execution, and now is heart and soul in the camp of Any Means to Our End. There are the thieving, cowardly peasants, who think the Red Army is an opportunity for pillage, and are nearly shot for it by the Red commander. There are the shrewd Crimean Bulgarians, who listen to frenzied speeches about the proletariat and blink, stonily. There is the thin middle-aged worker holding a red banner in the May Day parade, wiping the sweat from his bald head, and saying, contentedly, "God will help us. The working class will overcome capital, and then everything will come right." There are the Crimean aristocrats, who come out from God knows where when the Bolsheviks have evacuated the town and spread white table-cloths and drink champagne. There is the town under curfew, deserted, sinister, with the shots of nameless executions ringing out in the night. And then there are the captured Bolsheviks digging their own graves with a wild joy in their eyes.

One simply does not take sides. One realizes that the people of this book are not Reds or Whites, deliverers or vermin, but human beings caught in a fatal landslide and acting each according to his nature. Dr. Vieressaev hates the act of cruelty, treachery or meanness, but does not hate the actor. Such clear heads and scrupulous hearts as his inevitably get singed and hurt when fire fights fire in a social revolution.

If we wish a summary of his own point of view, which is a tormented Yes and No, it is perhaps best expressed in Leonid's defense of the revolution to Katia, and her answer.

> "My dear, it was an eruption, an eruption of huge underground forces, in which all the filth was thrown up, the burnt-out ashes, and stinking dirt, but at the same time a purifying fire, a stream of pure lava came with them."
>
> "No, you are breeding this dirt; you are purposely encouraging all the most violent and selfish instincts; you try to inflame them and not to destroy them . . ."

Both are true, and there's the deadlock.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Contributors

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